

18p

No 237

BUNTY

PICTURE STORY LIBRARY FOR GIRLS



A GIRL'S SEARCH
FOR HAPPINESS

CHILDREN'S
HOME

"I MUST
FIND MY
MUM"



Jillian Ward finds a small clay owl one day. Then Jillian's personality starts to change, brought about by strange green rays which emit from the owl. How can she fight the evil?

Look out for

GREEN for DANGER

Judy Lib. No. 237

IT'S ON SALE NOW!

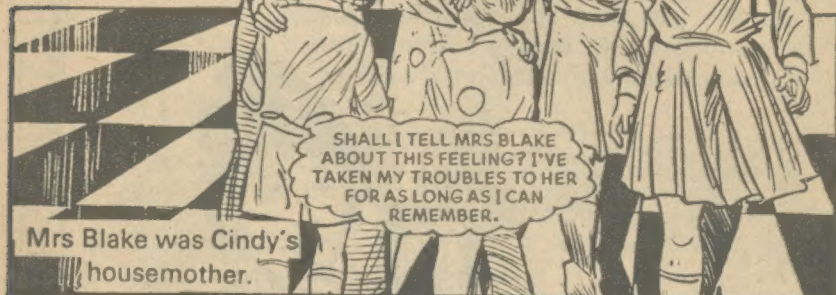
"I MUST FIND MY MUM"

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Cindy Winters had been brought up at Oldbank Home, where she had been abandoned as a baby. One morning, Cindy, usually a sunny-natured girl, awakened with a feeling of disaster.

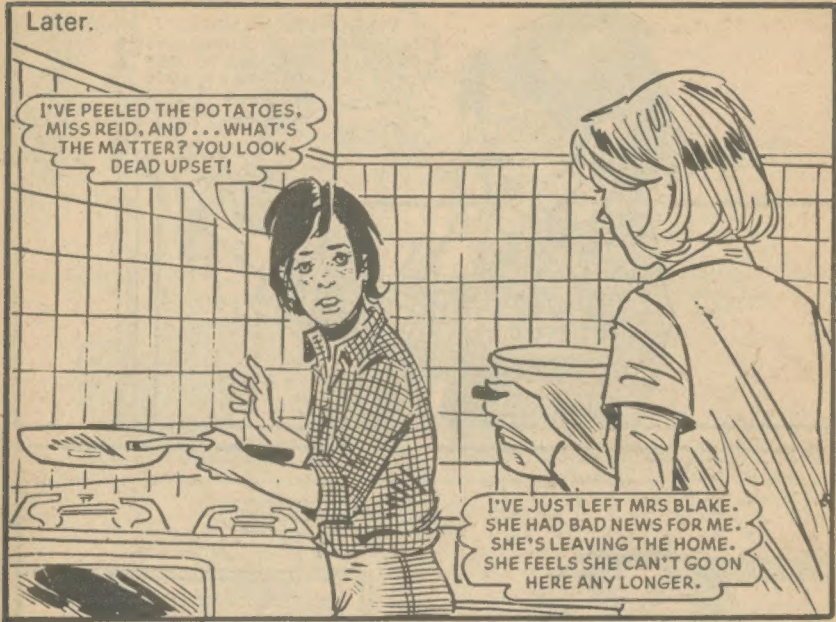
WHAT'S GOT INTO ME? I WENT TO BED LAST NIGHT PERFECTLY HAPPY AND NOW IT'S A LOVELY JUNE MORNING. WHY SHOULD I FEEL LIKE THIS?



Cindy dressed, brushed her hair and helped get the younger children ready for breakfast, still with the sense of impending doom.



Later.

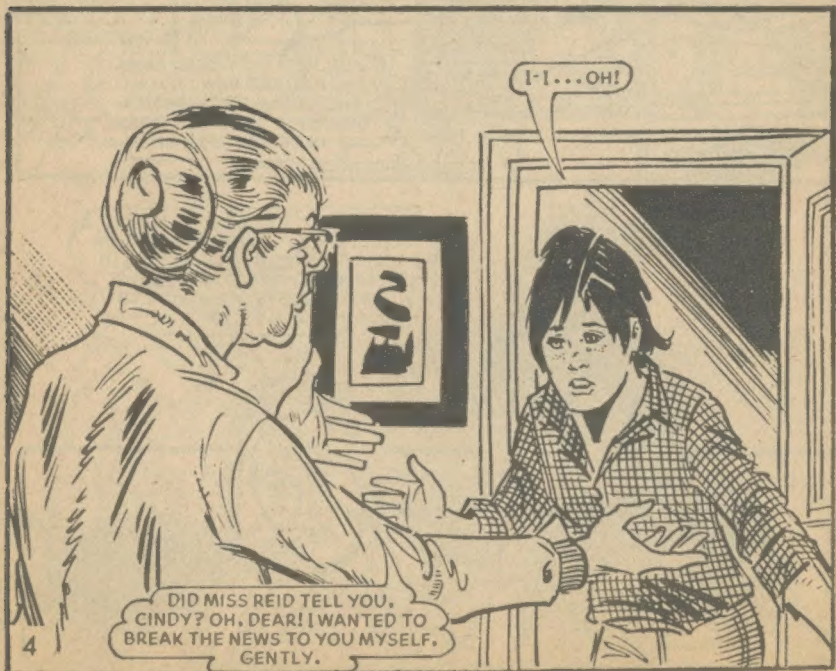



I'VE PEELED THE POTATOES, MISS REID, AND ... WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK DEAD UPSET!

I'VE JUST LEFT MRS BLAKE. SHE HAD BAD NEWS FOR ME. SHE'S LEAVING THE HOME. SHE FEELS SHE CAN'T GO ON HERE ANY LONGER.

NO! SHE CAN'T BE!

I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT, EITHER, BUT SHE'S JUST COME BACK FROM SEEING MATRON AND HANDING IN HER RESIGNATION. GO TO HER ROOM, CINDY. SHE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.






I-I'LL MISS YOU SO!


I...

CINDY, CINDY, DON'T BREAK YOUR HEART LIKE THAT. THINGS AREN'T QUITE SO BAD AS THEY SEEM. FIRST OF ALL, CINDY, IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR TO MYSELF OR THE CHILDREN IF I STAYED ON HERE AS HOUSEMOTHER. I FEEL IT'S TIME A YOUNGER WOMAN STEPPED INTO MY SHOES.



WH-WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING?


AT THE END OF THE MONTH, BUT I'M NOT GOING FAR AWAY, CINDY. DO YOU REMEMBER MY TELLING YOU THAT I LIVED AT ENSLEY WHEN I WAS A CHILD? WE LIVED IN A PRETTY LITTLE COTTAGE THERE. WELL, I HAVE USED MY LIFE'S SAVINGS TO BUY THAT COTTAGE.



THIS AFTERNOON, IF I CAN GET
ROUND OLD HARRY TO DRIVE US,
WE'LL GO TO ENSLEY AND I'LL
SHOW YOU MY COTTAGE.


ANY OTHER TIME I'D BE OVER
THE MOON AT THE THOUGHT
OF AN OUTING WITH MRS
BLAKE AND HARRY, MY TWO
CLOSEST FRIENDS, BUT
RIGHT NOW NOTHING CAN
CHEER ME UP.

It was Harry Winters, the Oldbank handyman, who had found Cindy sixteen years before on the steps of the House and taken her straight to Mrs Blake. Cindy had been given his surname. That afternoon—




CINDY LOOKS AS FORLORN AS THE NIGHT I FOUND
HER. LOVELY HAND-KNITTED WOOLLENS SHE WAS
DRESSED IN, BUT ONE BOOTEES MISSING. PUT ME
IN MIND OF CINDERELLA, IT BEING MIDNIGHT,
AND I SAID SO TO MRS BLAKE. CINDY SHE'S
BEEN CALLED EVER SINCE—EVEN THOUGH SHE
WAS CALLED ANGELA AFTER MATRON, AND MARY
AFTER MRS BLAKE.

When they reached the cottage, in spite of her heavy heart, Cindy could not hold back a cry of delight.



OH, HOW PRETTY! OH, MRS BLAKE, IT'S A REAL DREAM COTTAGE. NO WONDER YOU WANTED TO COME BACK HERE TO LIVE--SO WOULD I!

WOULD YOU, CINDY? I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT.



I'M OFF NOW TO LOOK UP AN OLD PAL O' MINE WHO LIVES IN ENSLEY. I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR, AND THAT'LL GIVE YOU TWO A CHANCE FOR A GOOD OLD NATTER.

RIGHT, HARRY.

I WONDER WHY MRS BLAKE HOPED I'D SAY THAT? SHE CERTAINLY SOUNDED PLEASSED.


Inside, they went from room to room.

IT'S AS PRETTY AND CHARMING
INSIDE AS IT IS OUT. I'VE FALLEN IN
LOVE WITH YOUR COTTAGE! AND IT'S
ALL FURNISHED COMPLETELY!

YES. I'VE BEEN COLLECTING BITS
AND PIECES FOR YEARS AND STORING
THEM. NOW I HAVE A HOME OF MY
OWN AT LAST.

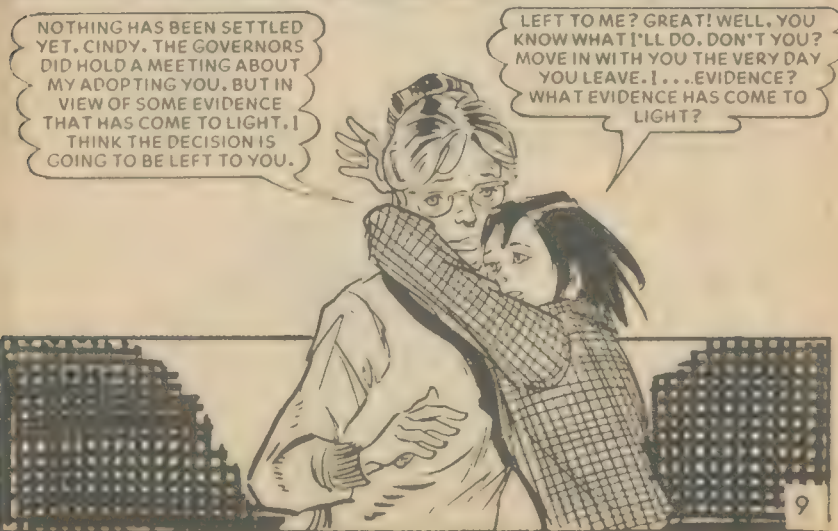
BUT WON'T YOU BE LONELY
HERE ALL BY YOURSELF?

CINDY, WHEN I FIRST THOUGHT OF
THE IDEA OF BUYING THIS COTTAGE
IT WASN'T AS A HOME FOR MYSELF—
IT WAS FOR A HOME FOR YOU. I'VE
THOUGHT OF YOU AS MY DAUGHTER
FOR SO LONG NOW. CINDY, THAT—
WELL, I CAN'T JUST GIVE YOU UP.
THAT'S ALL.



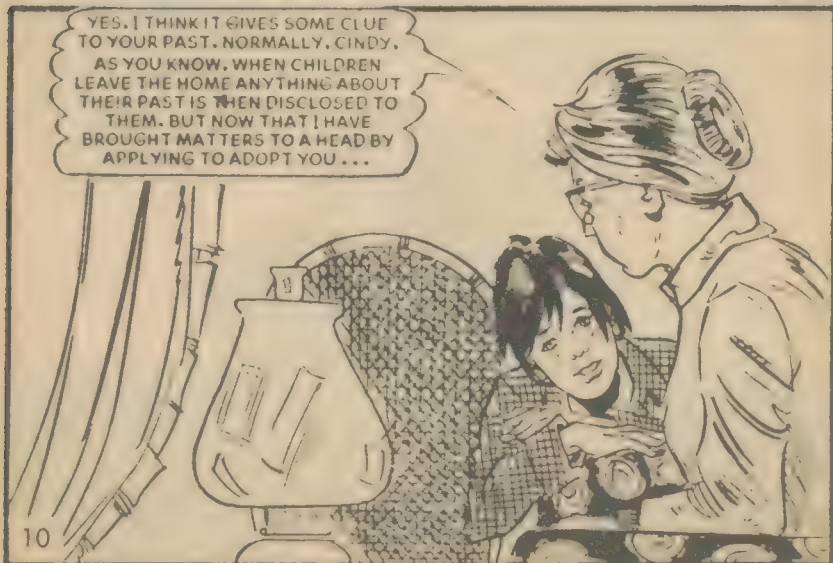
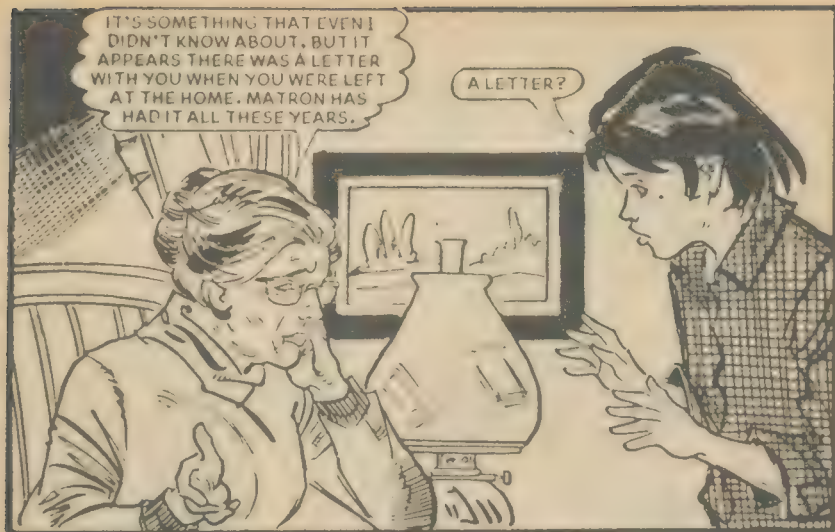
MY DEAR, I HAVE APPLIED
TO THE BOARD OF
GOVERNORS TO ADOPT YOU
LEGALLY AS MY DAUGHTER.

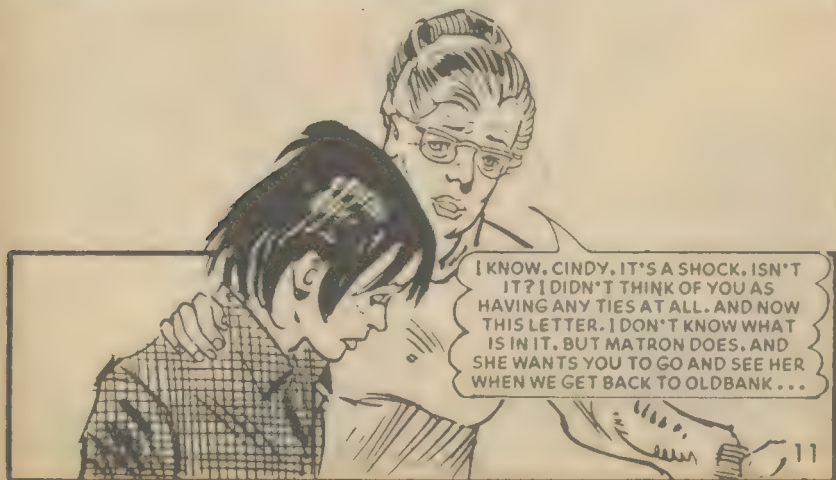
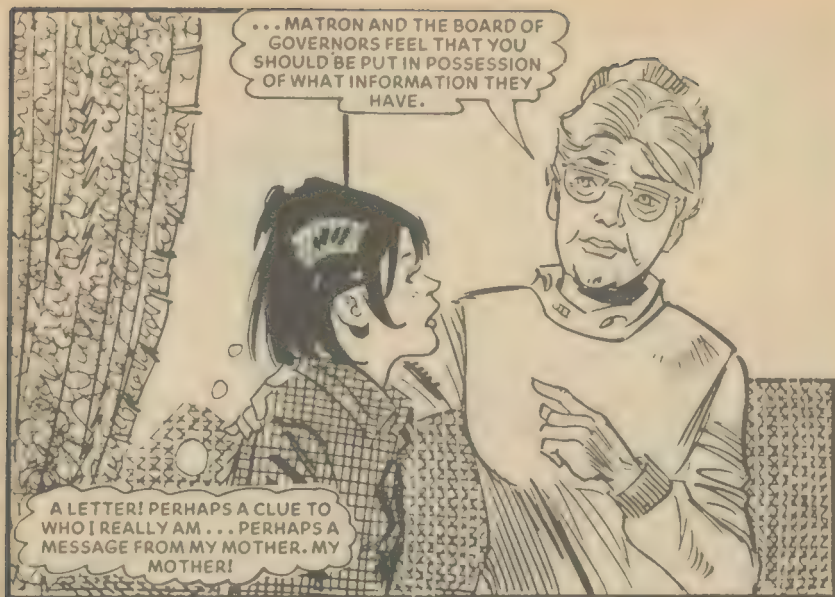
OH! OH. THANK
YOU!



NOTHING HAS BEEN SETTLED
YET, CINDY. THE GOVERNORS
DID HOLD A MEETING ABOUT
MY ADOPTING YOU. BUT IN
VIEW OF SOME EVIDENCE
THAT HAS COME TO LIGHT, I
THINK THE DECISION IS
GOING TO BE LEFT TO YOU.

LEFT TO ME? GREAT! WELL, YOU
KNOW WHAT I'LL DO. DON'T YOU?
MOVE IN WITH YOU THE VERY DAY
YOU LEAVE. I...EVIDENCE?
WHAT EVIDENCE HAS COME TO
LIGHT?





Later, in matron's office.

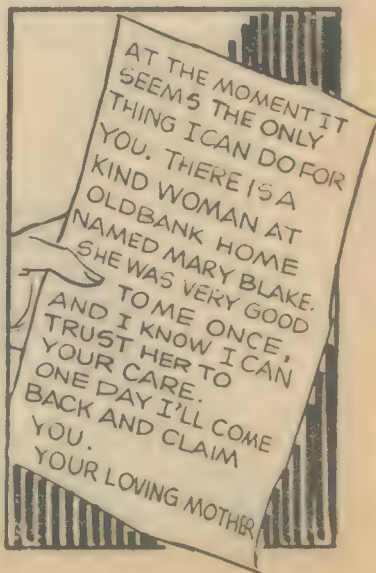
THIS IS THE LETTER, MY DEAR. IT WAS ENCLOSED IN ANOTHER LETTER ADDRESSED TO ME AS MATRON OF OLDBANK, AND ASKING ME TO KEEP IT FOR YOU AND TO GIVE IT TO YOU AT SUCH TIME AS I THOUGHT FIT. I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE TO READ IT.



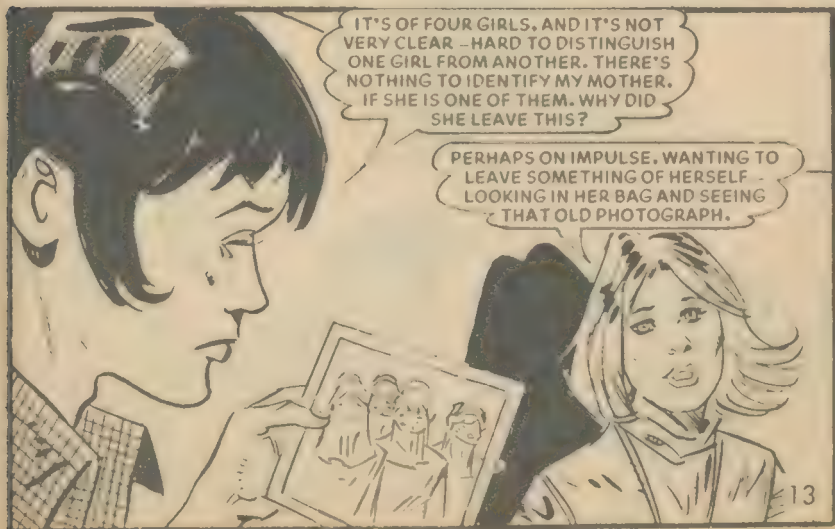
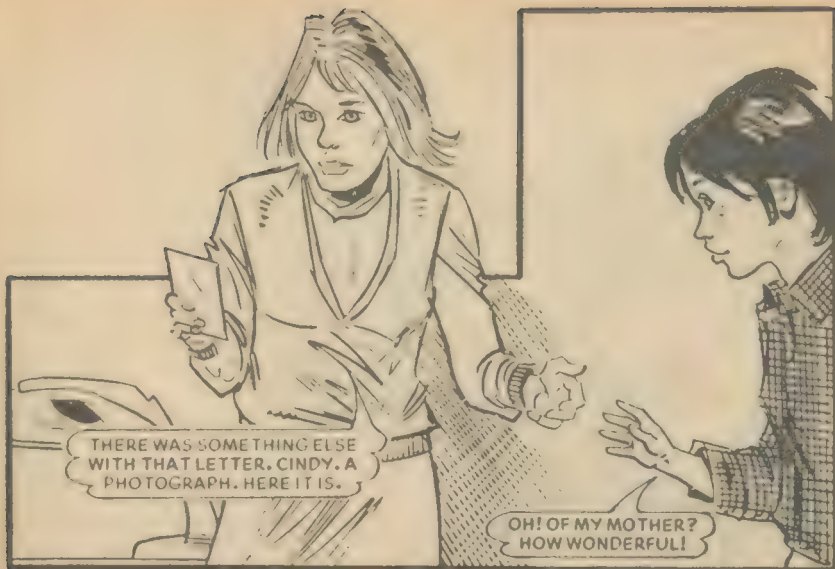
With trembling fingers,
Cindy took the letter.



MY DARLING,
DON'T JUDGE
ME TOO HARSHLY
FOR WHAT
I HAVE
DONE



AT THE MOMENT IT
SEEMS THE ONLY
THING I CAN DO FOR
YOU. THERE IS A
KIND WOMAN AT
OLDBANK HOME
NAMED MARY BLAKE.
SHE WAS VERY GOOD
TO ME ONCE,
AND I KNOW I CAN
TRUST HER TO
YOUR CARE.
ONE DAY I'LL COME
BACK AND CLAIM
YOU.
YOUR LOVING MOTHER

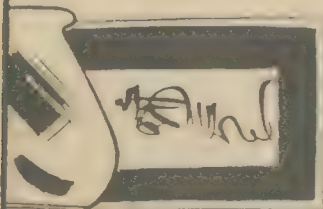


Cindy was still
reading when
matron came
back.

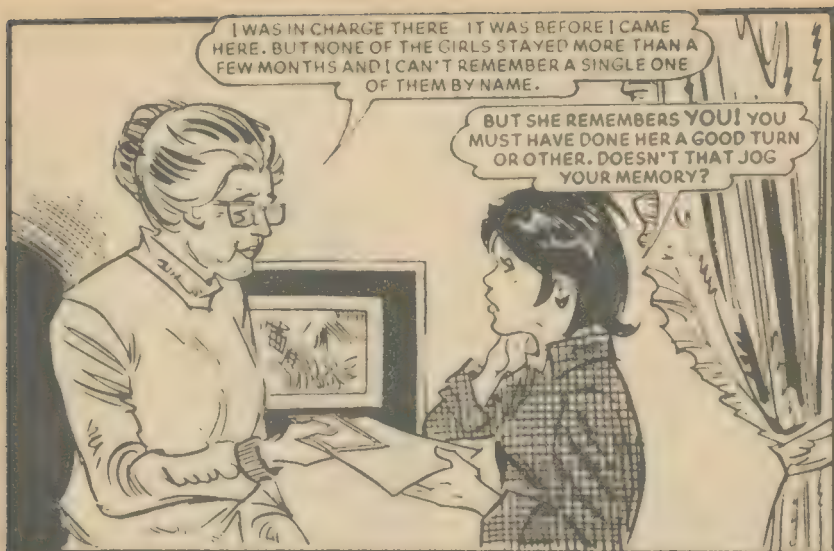


SHE KNEW MRS BLAKE SHE SAID
SO IN THE LETTER. OH, MATRON, I
MUST GO AND SHOW THIS LETTER
TO MRS BLAKE AND SEE IF SHE CAN
THROW ANY LIGHT ON IT!

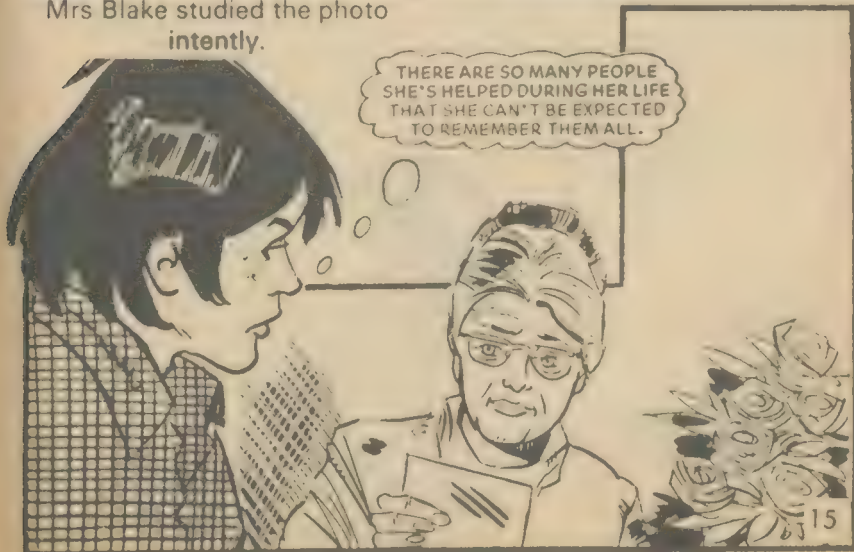
MY MOTHER KNEW YOU. CAN'T YOU REMEMBER
CAN'T YOU THINK WHERE YOU MIGHT HAVE MET
HER?

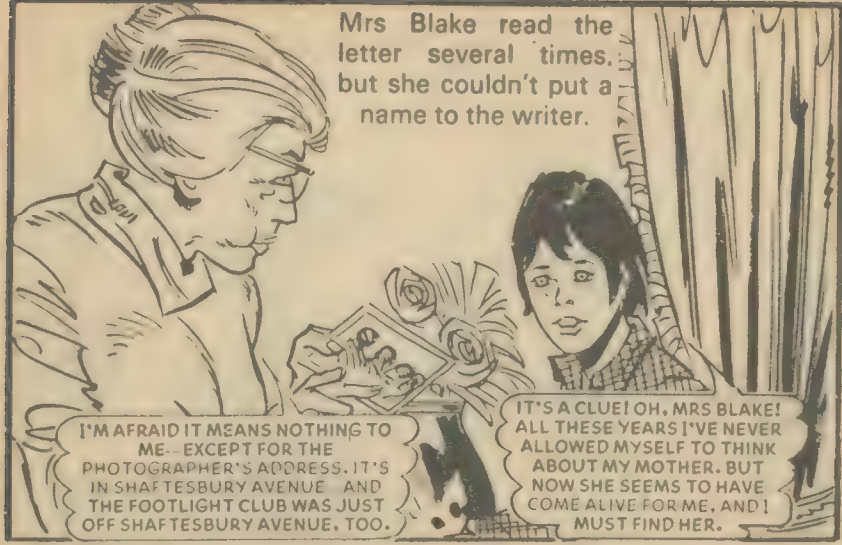


ALL I CAN THINK IS THAT SHE MAY
HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE GIRLS AT THE
FOOTLIGHT CLUB WHERE I ONCE
WORKED. IT WAS A KIND OF HOSTEL.
IN LONDON, WHERE YOUNG GIRLS
WHO WERE STARTING ON A STAGE
CAREER COULD LIVE VERY CHEAPLY.



Mrs Blake studied the photo
intently.





Mrs Blake read the letter several times, but she couldn't put a name to the writer.

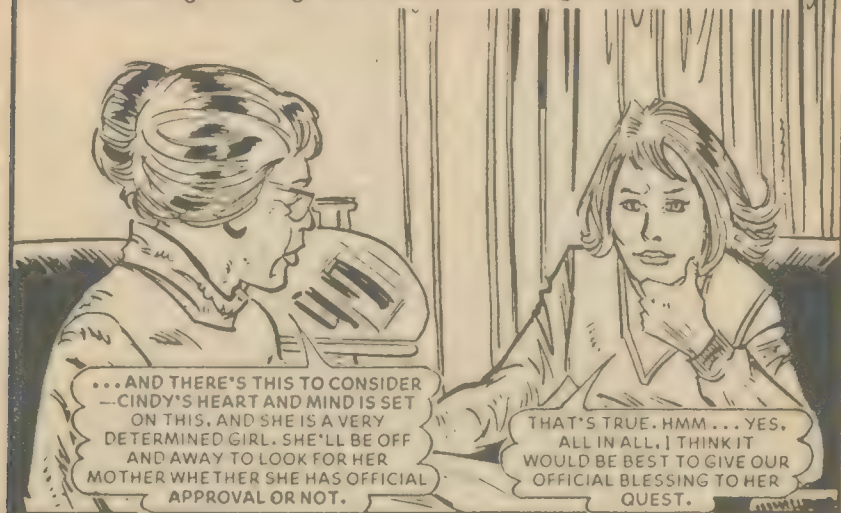
I'M AFRAID IT MEANS NOTHING TO ME-- EXCEPT FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S ADDRESS. IT'S IN SHAFTESBURY AVENUE AND THE FOOTLIGHT CLUB WAS JUST OFF SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, TOO.

IT'S A CLUE! OH, MRS BLAKE! ALL THESE YEARS I'VE NEVER ALLOWED MYSELF TO THINK ABOUT MY MOTHER. BUT NOW SHE SEEMS TO HAVE COME ALIVE FOR ME, AND I MUST FIND HER.

SCHOOL SUMMER HOLIDAY STARTS IN A MONTH'S TIME. I WANT TO SPEND THE EIGHT WEEKS IN LONDON, SEARCHING FOR MY MOTHER. PLEASE HELP ME TO GET MATRON'S PERMISSION! PLEASE!



The following morning, Mrs Blake had a long talk with matron.

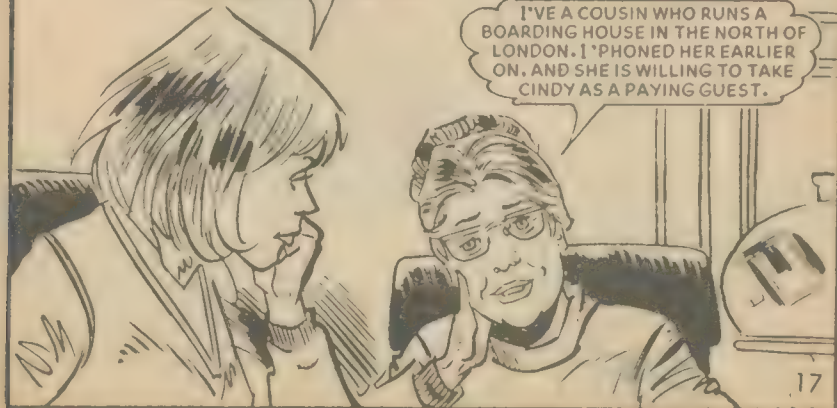


...AND THERE'S THIS TO CONSIDER —CINDY'S HEART AND MIND IS SET ON THIS, AND SHE IS A VERY DETERMINED GIRL. SHE'LL BE OFF AND AWAY TO LOOK FOR HER MOTHER WHETHER SHE HAS OFFICIAL APPROVAL OR NOT.

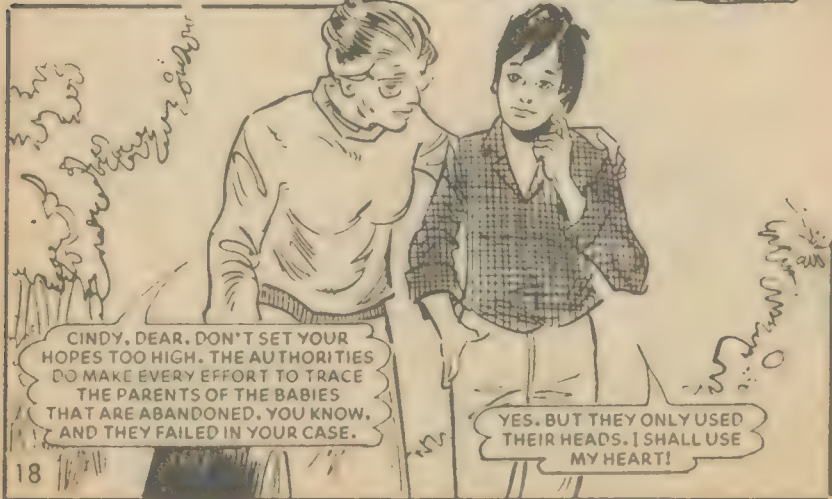
THAT'S TRUE. HMM... YES. ALL IN ALL, I THINK IT WOULD BE BEST TO GIVE OUR OFFICIAL BLESSING TO HER QUEST.

THERE IS THE MATTER OF ACCOMMODATION IN LONDON, THOUGH. CINDY'S HAD NO EXPERIENCE OF LIFE IN A BIG CITY AND SHE COULD FIND IT CONFUSING, ALARMING.

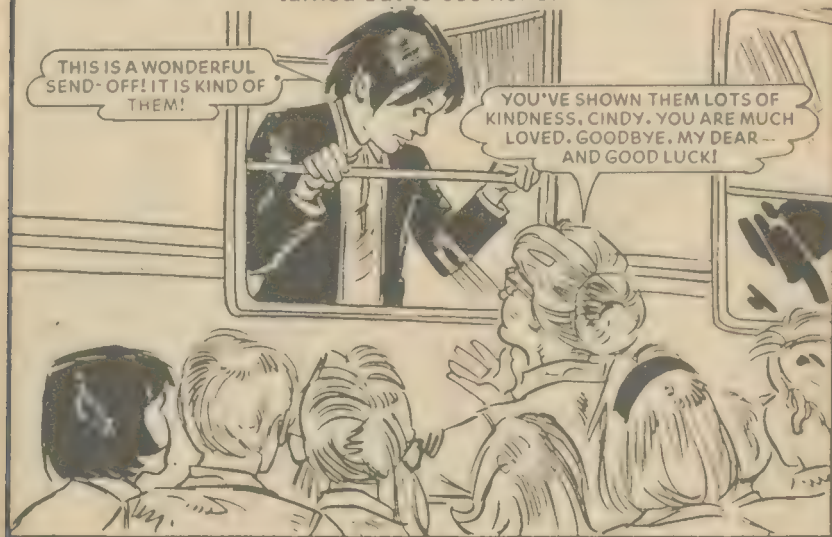
I'VE A COUSIN WHO RUNS A BOARDING HOUSE IN THE NORTH OF LONDON. I'PHONED HER EARLIER ON, AND SHE IS WILLING TO TAKE CINDY AS A PAYING GUEST.



When school broke up for the summer holiday, Cindy spent a couple of days at Mrs Blake's cottage.



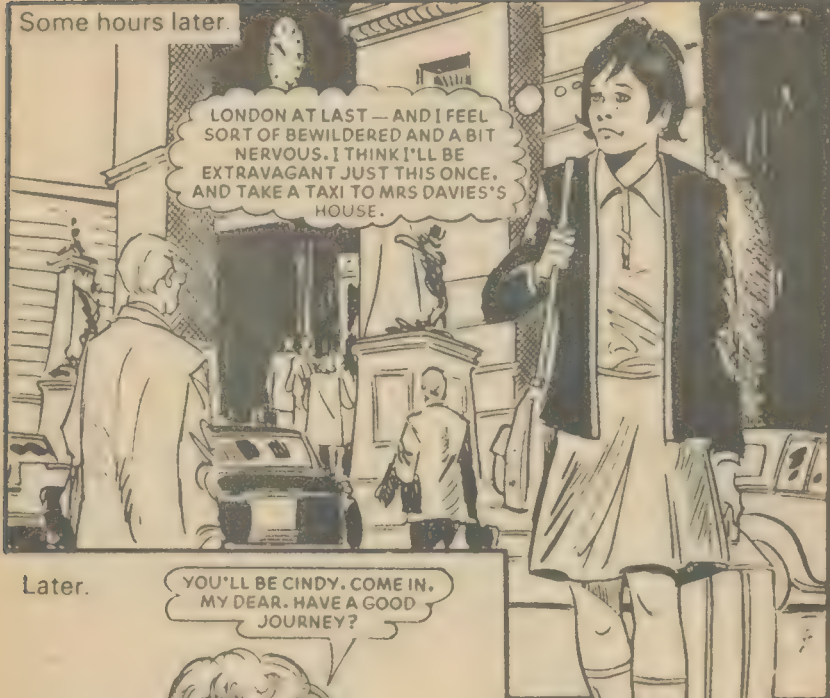
To Cindy, the following morning, it seemed the entire Home had turned out to see her off.



Cindy hugged Mrs Blake, then the train moved off.




Some hours later.



LONDON AT LAST — AND I FEEL
SORT OF BEWILDERED AND A BIT
NERVOUS. I THINK I'LL BE
EXTRAVAGANT JUST THIS ONCE.
AND TAKE A TAXI TO MRS DAVIES'S
HOUSE.

Later.

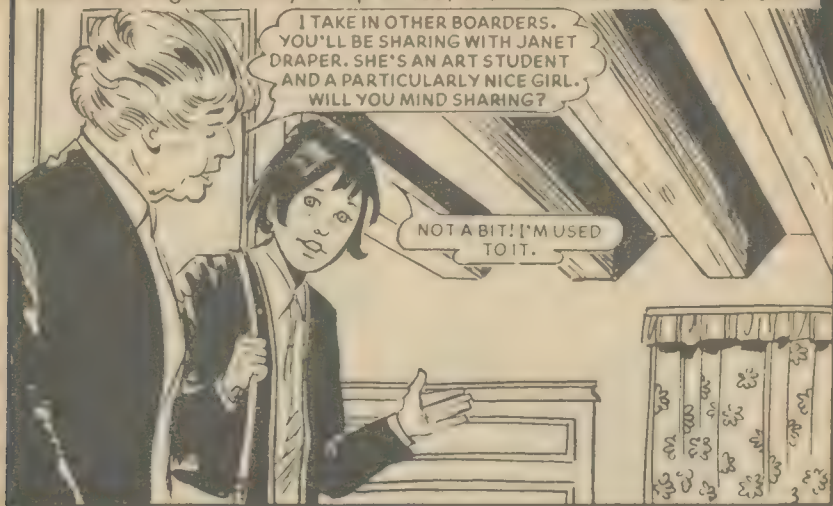


YOU'LL BE CINDY. COME IN.
MY DEAR. HAVE A GOOD
JOURNEY?

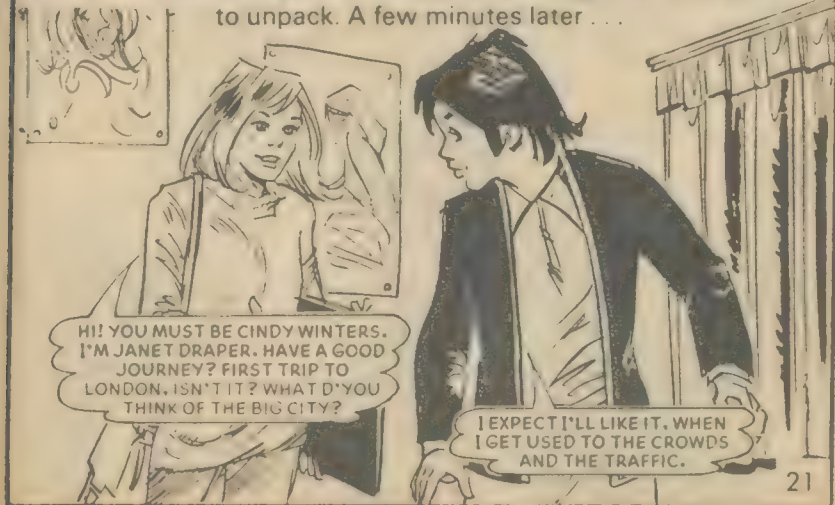
YES, THANK YOU,
MRS DAVIES.

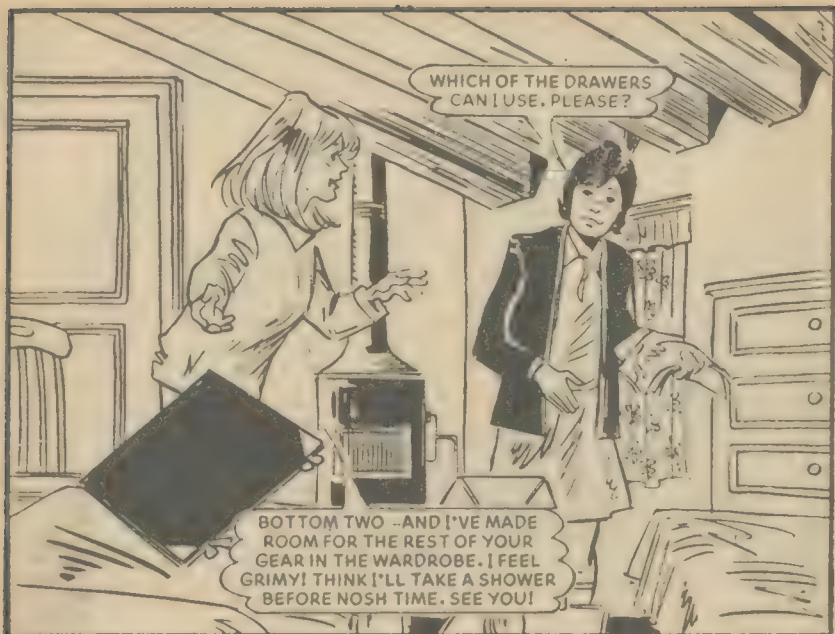
SHE LOOKS NICE!

Mrs Davies gave Cindy a cup of tea, then showed her to her room



Mrs Davies told Cindy the time of the evening meal, then left her to unpack. A few minutes later . . .





Janet dashed off to the bathroom, leaving Cindy feeling as if a rather charming tornado had swept through the room.

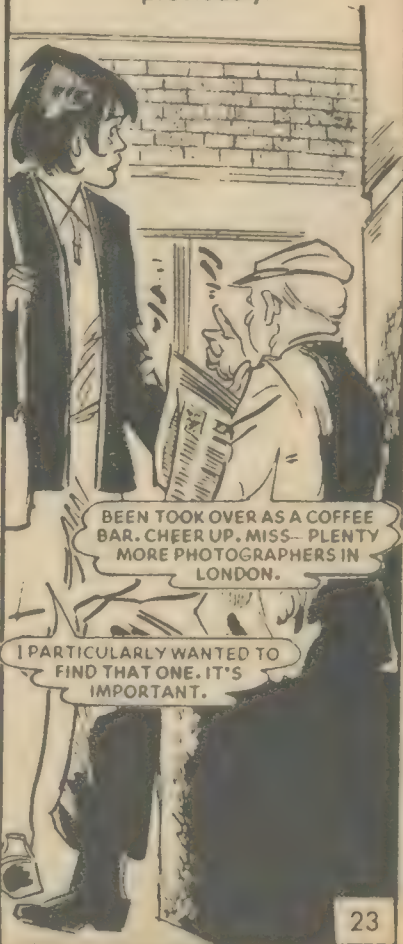
ONE THING'S CERTAIN. IT WON'T BE DULL HERE WITH JANET AROUND!

The next morning, she started off on her search for her mother.



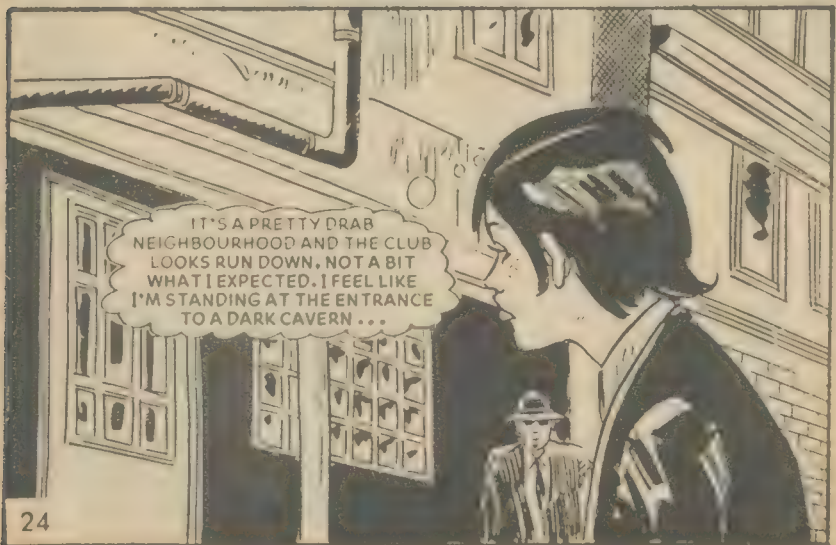
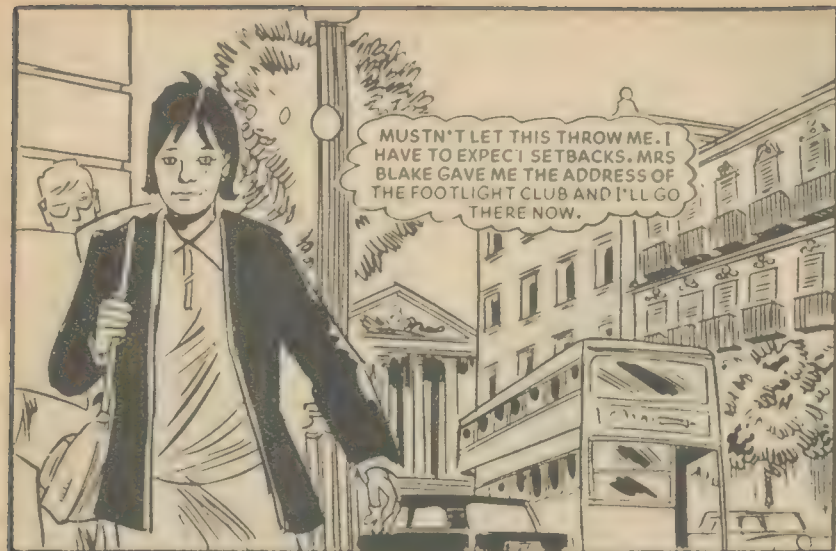
I'LL GO TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S ADDRESS FIRST. TURN RIGHT, MRS DAVIES SAID, AND I'LL COME TO SHAFTESBURY AVENUE.

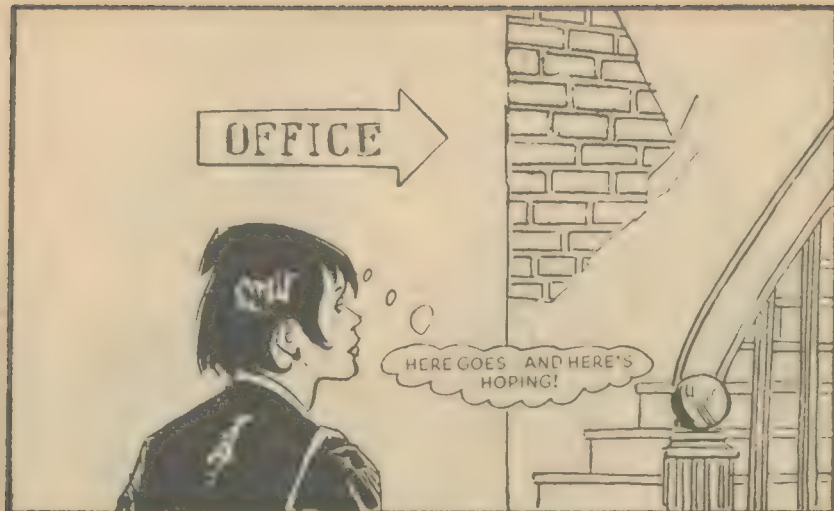
But the photographer's studio was no longer there, and a newspaper seller told her it had closed down some years previously.



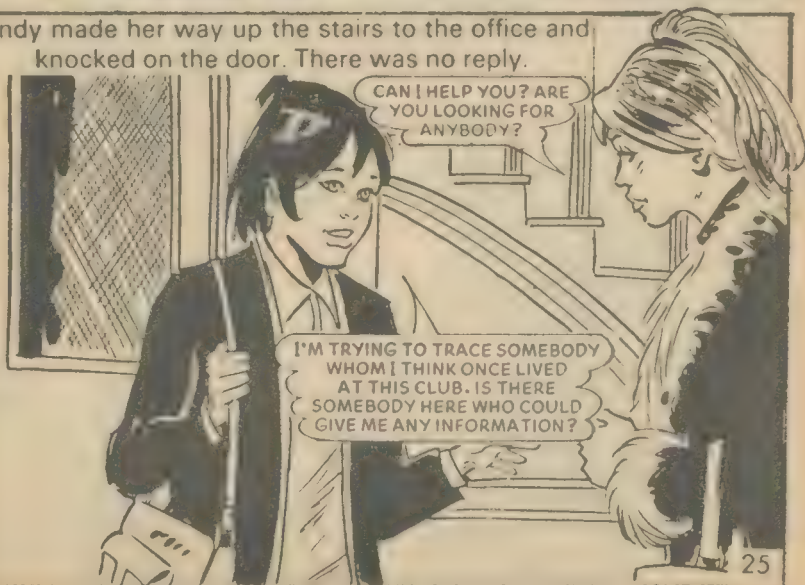
BEEN TOOK OVER AS A COFFEE BAR. CHEER UP, MISS- PLENTY MORE PHOTOGRAPHERS IN LONDON.

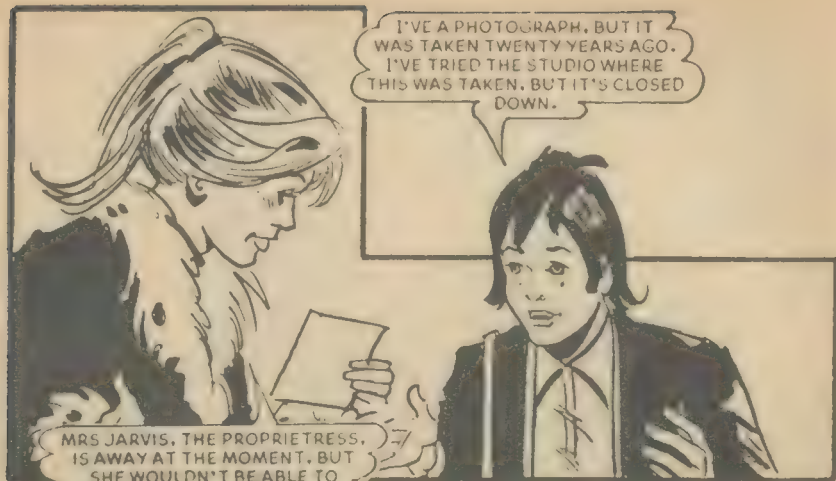
I PARTICULARLY WANTED TO FIND THAT ONE. IT'S IMPORTANT.





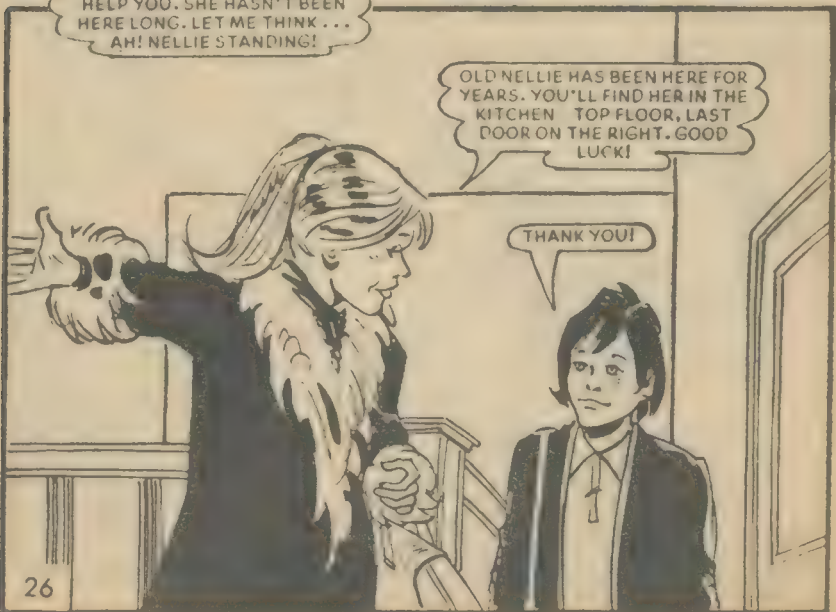
Cindy made her way up the stairs to the office and knocked on the door. There was no reply.





I'VE A PHOTOGRAPH, BUT IT
WAS TAKEN TWENTY YEARS AGO.
I'VE TRIED THE STUDIO WHERE
THIS WAS TAKEN, BUT IT'S CLOSED
DOWN.

MRS JARVIS, THE PROPRIETRESS,
IS AWAY AT THE MOMENT, BUT
SHE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO
HELP YOU. SHE HASN'T BEEN
HERE LONG. LET ME THINK ...
AH! NELLIE STANDING!



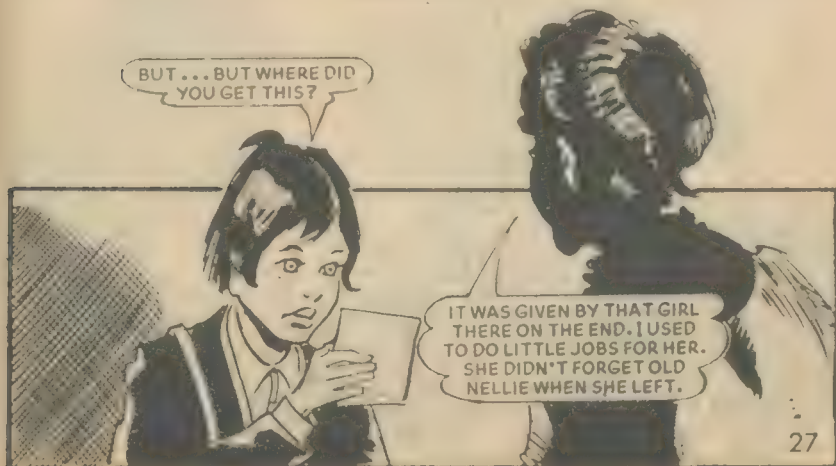
OLD NELLIE HAS BEEN HERE FOR
YEARS. YOU'LL FIND HER IN THE
KITCHEN TOP FLOOR, LAST
DOOR ON THE RIGHT. GOOD
LUCK!

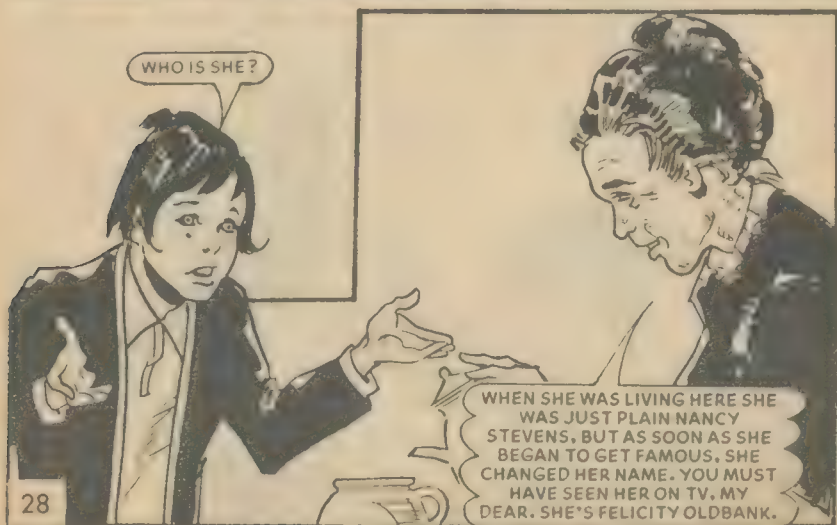
THANK YOU!

In the kitchen, Cindy showed the old woman the photograph

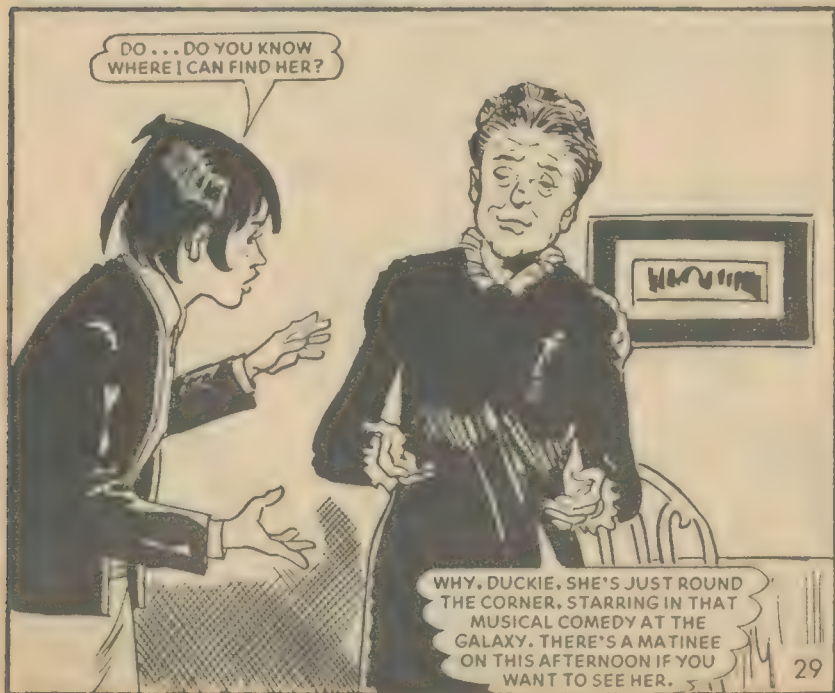
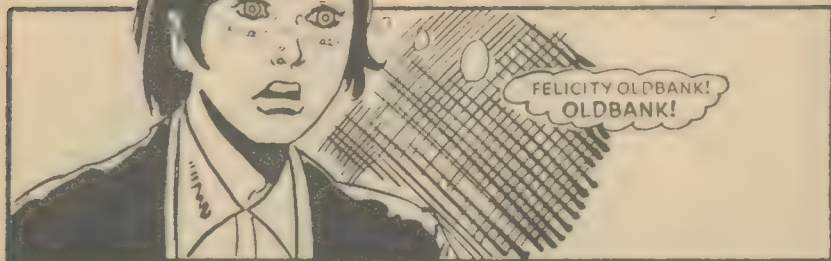


Old Nellie brought out a photograph, identical to the one Cindy had showed her





Cindy felt as if the room were spinning all round her.



Cindy thanked her over and over again, and then she rushed down the stairs and out into the street.

THERE MUST BE A CONNECTION BETWEEN THE NAME OF THE HOME WHERE I WAS ABANDONED AND THE NAME OF THIS FAMOUS ACTRESS.

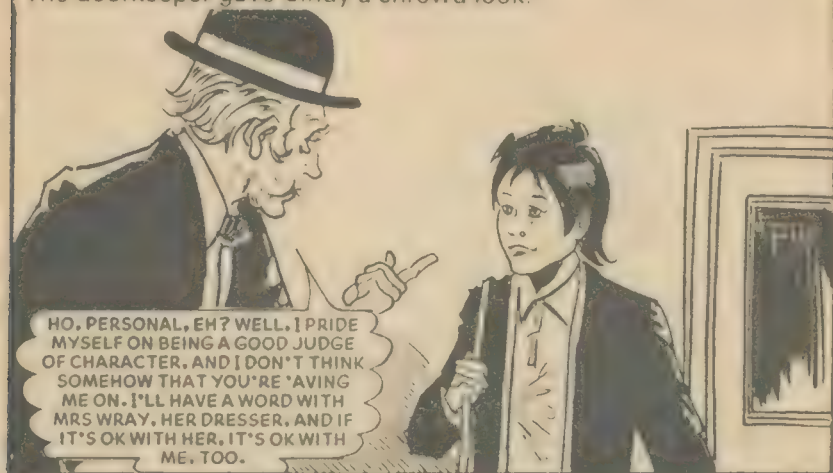
IT COULDN'T JUST BE A COINCIDENCE -- IT COULDN'T! I'VE AS GOOD AS FOUND MY MOTHER!

Cindy hurried to the Galaxy Theatre and made her way to the stage-door.

SHOW'S ONLY JUST STARTED. IF YOU'RE AFTER MISS OLDBANK'S AUTOGRAPH, YOU'VE GOT A LONG WAIT, KID. SO I SHOULD HOP IT AND COME BACK LATER.

I'M NOT AFTER HER AUTOGRAPH. IT'S SOMETHING ELSE -- PERSONAL. NELLIE STANDING OF THE FOOTLIGHT CLUB SENT ME.

The doorkeeper gave Cindy a shrewd look.



Ten minutes later, Cindy was waiting in the star's dressing-room.



The next instant, Cindy leapt to her feet as the star of the show appeared.

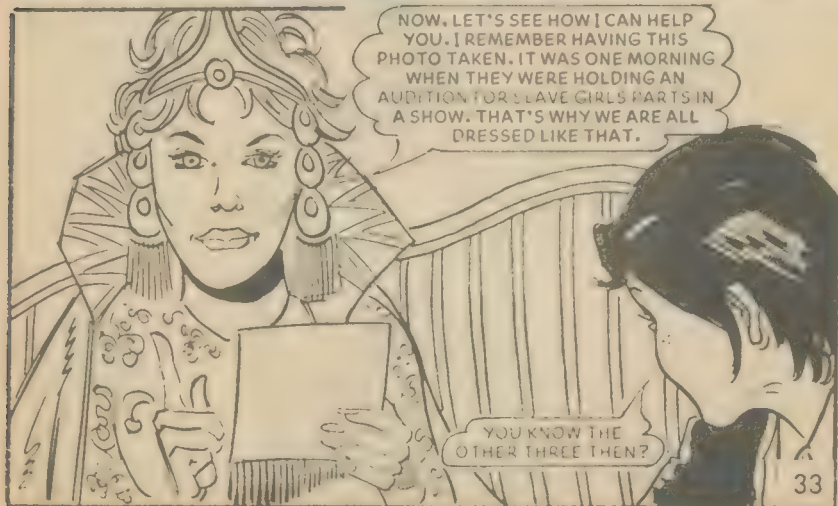
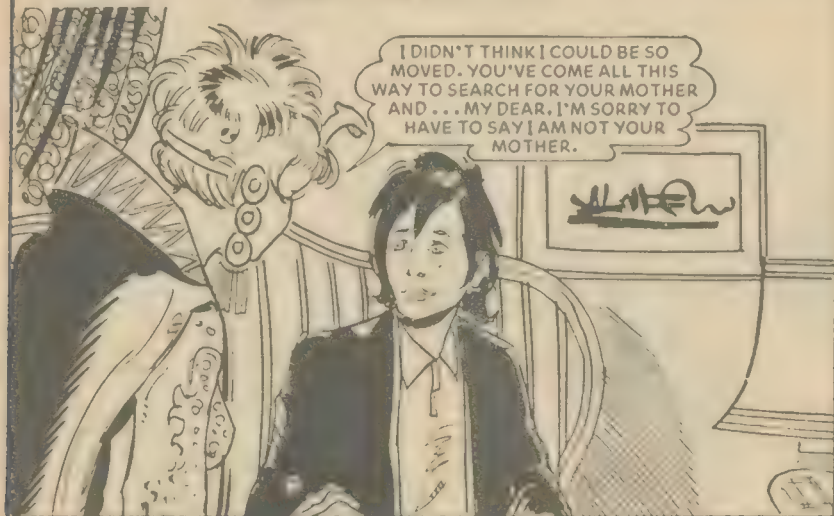
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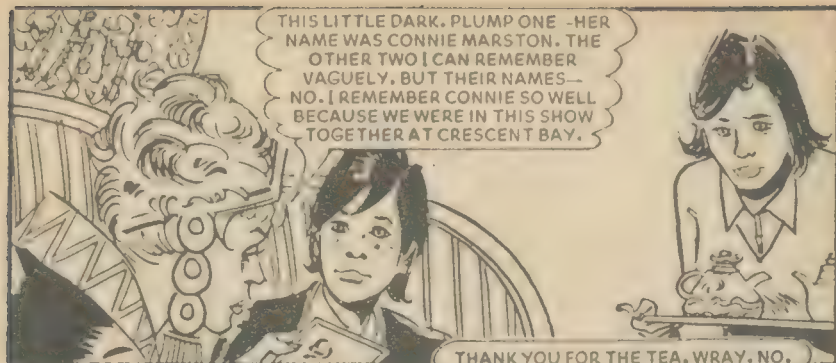
WELL, WELL, WRAY TOLD ME I HAD A VISITOR. HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO GET PAST BEN? BUT DON'T TELL ME NOW. THIS IS ONLY THE FIRST INTERVAL. KEEP IT UNTIL AFTER THE SHOW AND WE'LL HAVE TEA TOGETHER. SOMEHOW YOU INTRIGUE ME.

At last the show was over.

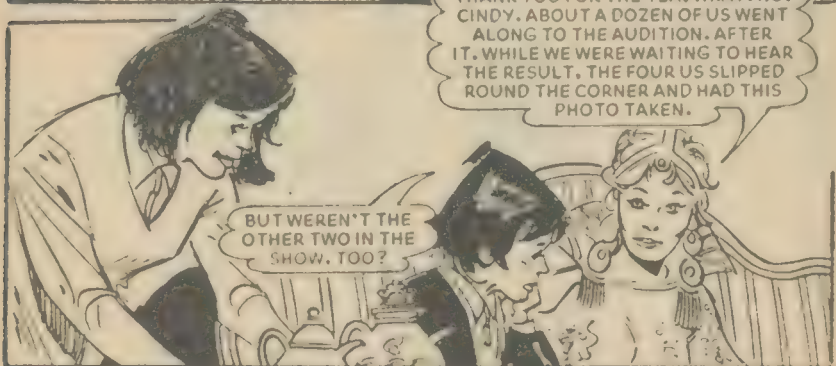
WRAY, NO VISITORS MIND! I WANT HALF AN HOUR OR SO ALONE WITH MY LITTLE WAIF.

Cindy told her story right from the beginning. For some time Miss Oldbank was silent. Then ...



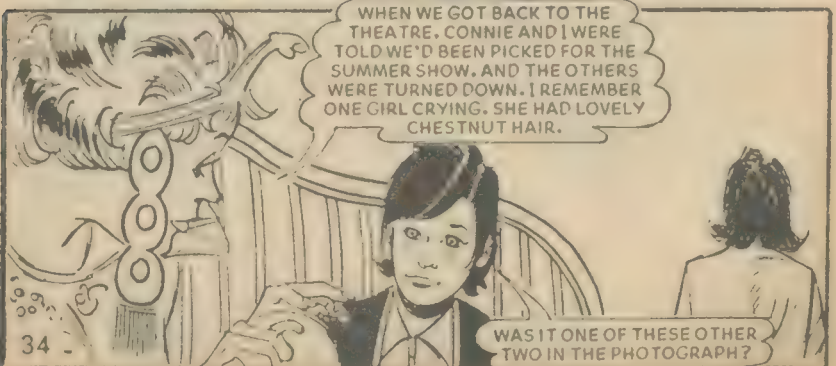


THIS LITTLE DARK, PLUMP ONE -HER NAME WAS CONNIE MARSTON. THE OTHER TWO I CAN REMEMBER VAGUELY, BUT THEIR NAMES— NO. I REMEMBER CONNIE SO WELL BECAUSE WE WERE IN THIS SHOW TOGETHER AT CRESCENT BAY.



THANK YOU FOR THE TEA, WRAY. NO, CINDY. ABOUT A DOZEN OF US WENT ALONG TO THE AUDITION. AFTER IT, WHILE WE WERE WAITING TO HEAR THE RESULT, THE FOUR OF US SLIPPED ROUND THE CORNER AND HAD THIS PHOTO TAKEN.

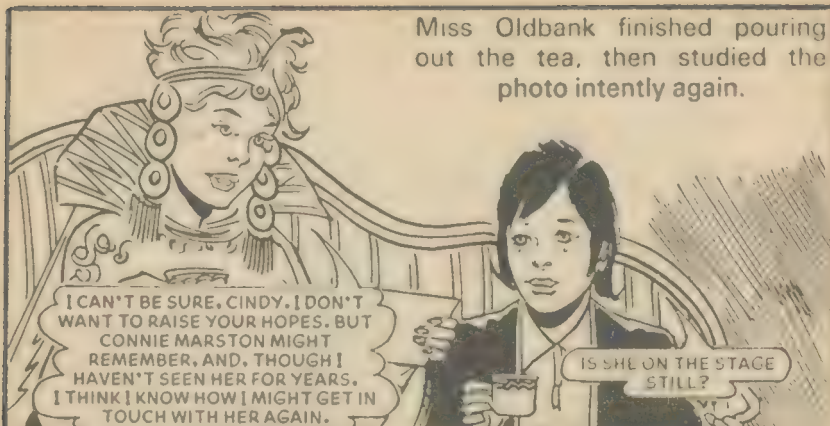
BUT WEREN'T THE OTHER TWO IN THE SHOW, TOO?



WHEN WE GOT BACK TO THE THEATRE, CONNIE AND I WERE TOLD WE'D BEEN PICKED FOR THE SUMMER SHOW, AND THE OTHERS WERE TURNED DOWN. I REMEMBER ONE GIRL CRYING. SHE HAD LOVELY CHESTNUT HAIR.

WAS IT ONE OF THESE OTHER TWO IN THE PHOTOGRAPH?

Miss Oldbank finished pouring out the tea, then studied the photo intently again.



MISS OLDBANK: I CAN'T BE SURE, CINDY. I DON'T WANT TO RAISE YOUR HOPES, BUT CONNIE MARSTON MIGHT REMEMBER, AND, THOUGH I HAVEN'T SEEN HER FOR YEARS, I THINK I KNOW HOW I MIGHT GET IN TOUCH WITH HER AGAIN.

CINDY: IS SHE ON THE STAGE STILL?

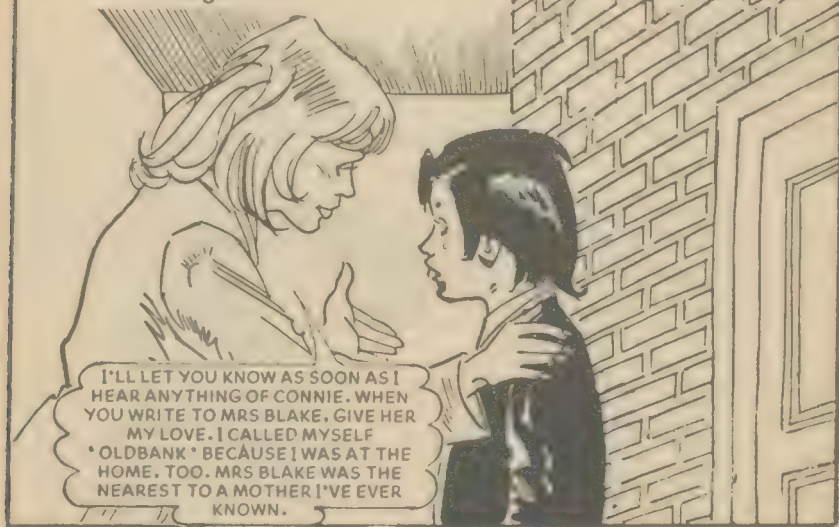
MISS OLDBANK: OH, NO. I THINK THAT SUMMER AT CRESCENT BAY DASHED ALL HER HOPES OF A STAGE CAREER. SHE MARRIED SHORTLY AFTERWARDS A FARMER, I BELIEVE.

CINDY: THEN SHE'S HARDLY LIKELY TO BE TO BE MY MOTHER.

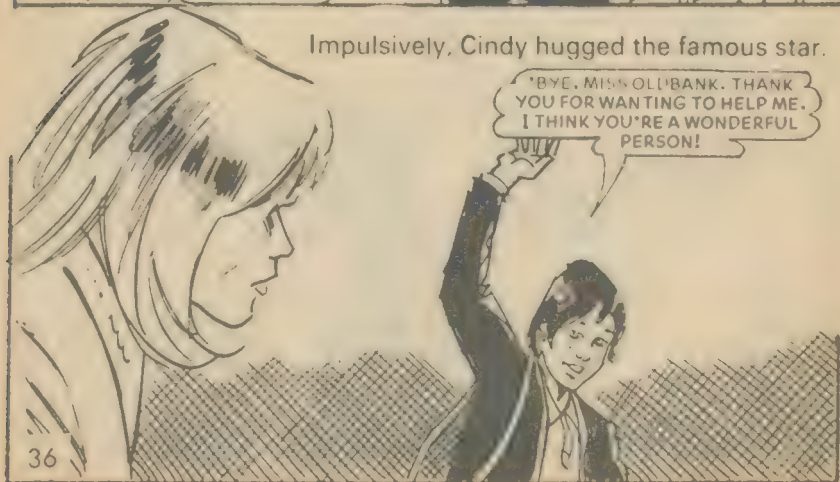
MISS OLDBANK: DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, MY PET. YOU'VE SET YOUR HEART ON A GOAL. GO AFTER IT! DON'T GIVE UP! GO ON. NO MATTER WHAT THE SETBACKS GO ON!

CINDY: YES, I WILL! I THANK YOU—I NEEDED THAT.

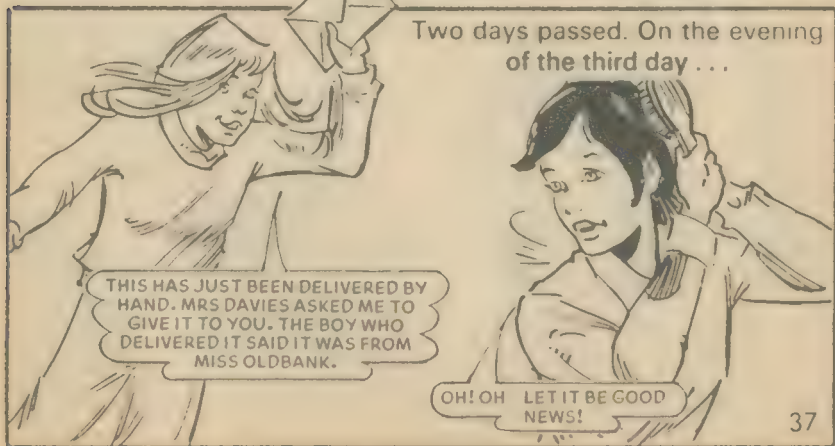
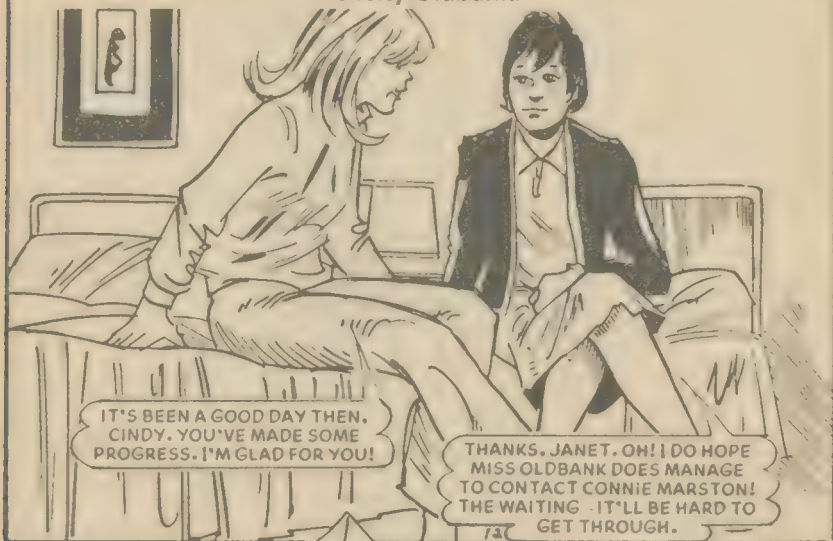
They had their tea, then Miss Oldbank walked with Cindy to the stage-door.



Impulsively, Cindy hugged the famous star.



That evening when Janet returned from art school, Cindy told her about the visit to the Footlight Club and her meeting with Felicity Oldbank.



SHE'S TRACED HER! CONNIE
IS MRS WINGRAVE NOW. AND
SHE LIVES AT A FARM IN
OTTERLY! I'LL GO THERE
TOMORROW!

OTTERLY? I KNOW IT WELL IT'S
NEAR MY OWN HOME
TOWN. THE COUNTRYSIDE IS
LOVELY THERE. WISH I WERE
FREE I'D GO WITH YOU.

CONNIE'S NAME AND
ADDRESS IS
MRS WINGRAVE,
DOWNSIDE FARM,
OTTERLY, KENT.
MY HEART GOES
WITH YOU, CINDY,
MY PET.

Felicity Oldbank




Janet did the next best thing — she saw Cindy off on the journey
the following morning.

"BYE, CINDY! GOOD LUCK! AND
DON'T FORGET IF YOU'VE GOT
TIME CALL ON MY FATHER AND
TELL HIM I'M WELL AND HAPPY.




"I'LL MAKE THE TIME.
"BYE, JANET!"

Cindy arrived at Otterly in the late morning.

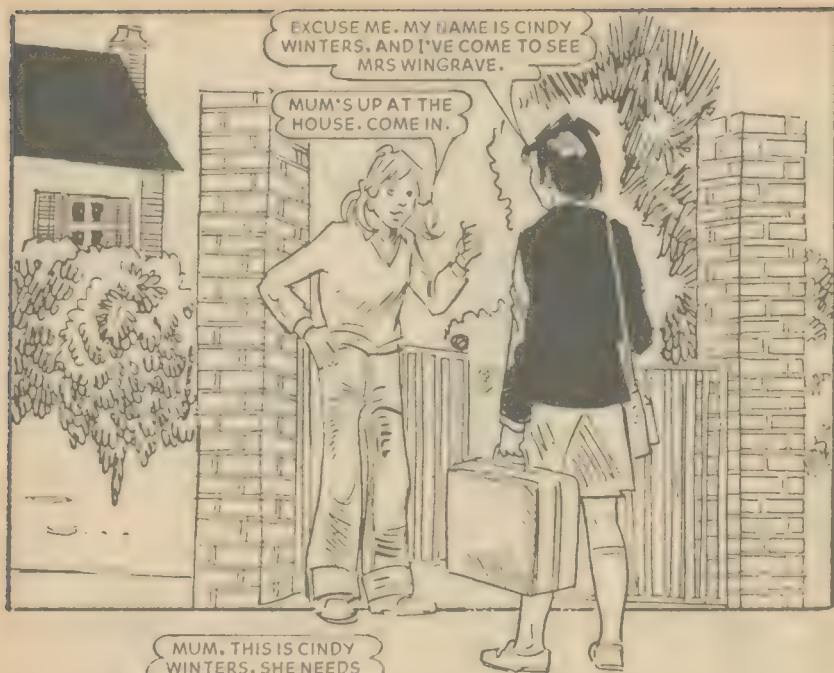


IT SEEMED A LONG JOURNEY BECAUSE I AM SO TENSED-UP, SO FULL OF HOPES, AND QUESTIONS. WILL I FIND MY MOTHER HERE? FIRST STEP IS TO FIND THE WAY TO DOWNSIDE FARM.

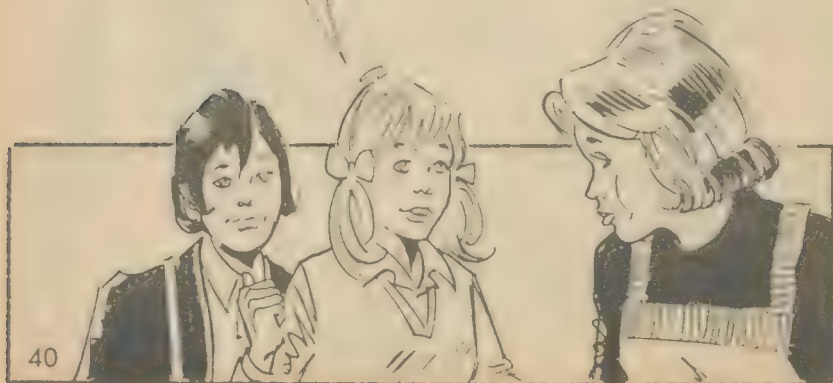
A postman directed Cindy.



THAT WAY, MISS, YOU CAN'T MISTAKE IT. WHEN I CAME BY JUST NOW, YOUNG MERCY WINGRAVE WAS OUT FRONT. IF YOU HURRY, YOU'LL CATCH UP WITH HER.



MUM, THIS IS CINDY WINTERS. SHE NEEDS HELP.



Cindy told her story and Mrs Wingrave's eyes filled with pity.

OH, MY CHILD, MY POOR CHILD.
WHAT A HEART-RENDING TASK
YOU HAVE SET YOURSELF. BUT
I WANT TO HELP YOU. TELL ME
HOW?

COULD YOU PUT ME IN TOUCH
WITH THE OTHER TWO GIRLS
IN THE PHOTO?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT PUTTING YOU
IN TOUCH, BUT I CAN TELL YOU THEIR
NAMES. THIS ONE - THE TALL ONE IS
CLARICE HASTINGS, AND THIS ONE, I
SHALL NEVER

FORGET. SHE HAD
SUCH LOVELY
COLOURING - NOT
UNLIKE YOURS, MY
DEAR.

SADLY, THIS GIRL, DIANA THORPE,
WAS KILLED IN AN AIR CRASH
SIXTEEN YEARS AGO. IT WAS A
TRAGEDY FOR SHE
WAS SO YOUNG.

SHE WAS FLYING OUT TO AMERICA. ONE OF A THEATRE COMPANY WHO WERE TO TOUR THE STATES. THE PLANE CAME DOWN OVER THE ATLANTIC, AND THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS.



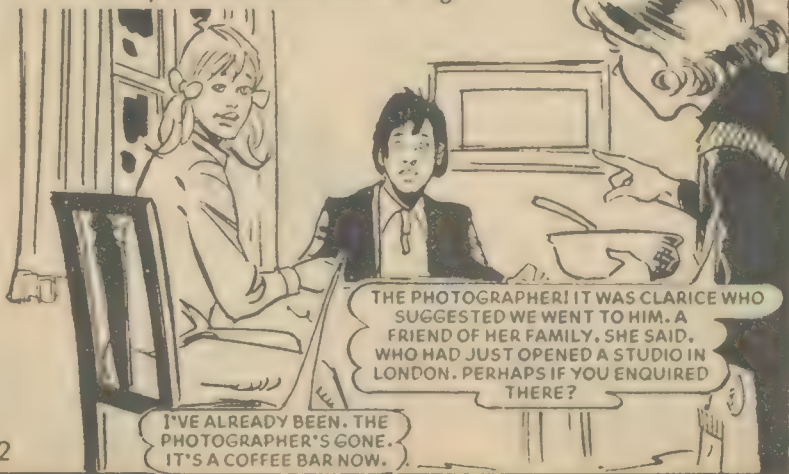
OH! I HOPED SO HARD.

THIS CLARICE HASTINGS—SHE'S MY ONLY HOPE NOW. CAN- CAN YOU PUT ME IN TOUCH WITH HER?



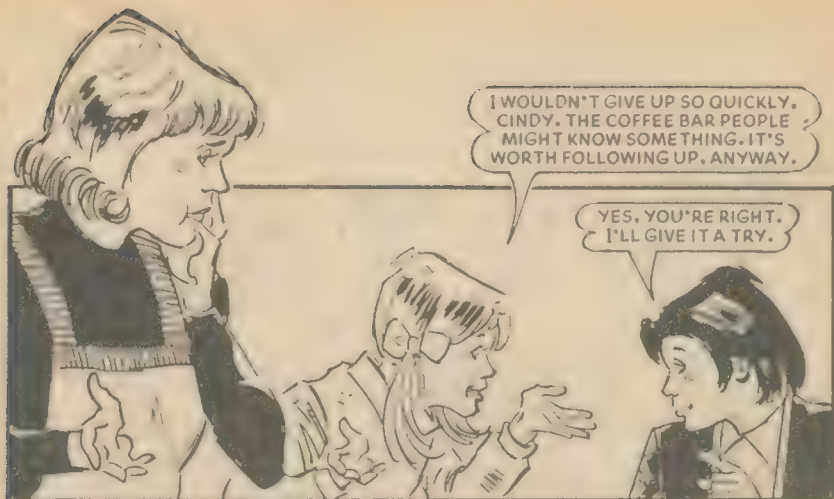
I'M SORRY, DEAR— BUT I DIDN'T EVEN SEE THE GIRL AGAIN AFTER THAT PHOTO WAS TAKEN. YOU LOOK QUITE PALE, CINDY. YOU MUST STAY AND HAVE LUNCH WITH MERCY AND ME. MY HUSBAND IS AWAY TODAY, AT MARKET.

Lunch was almost over when Mrs Wingrave suddenly remembered something.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER! IT WAS CLARICE WHO SUGGESTED WE WENT TO HIM. A FRIEND OF HER FAMILY, SHE SAID. WHO HAD JUST OPENED A STUDIO IN LONDON. PERHAPS IF YOU ENQUIRED THERE?

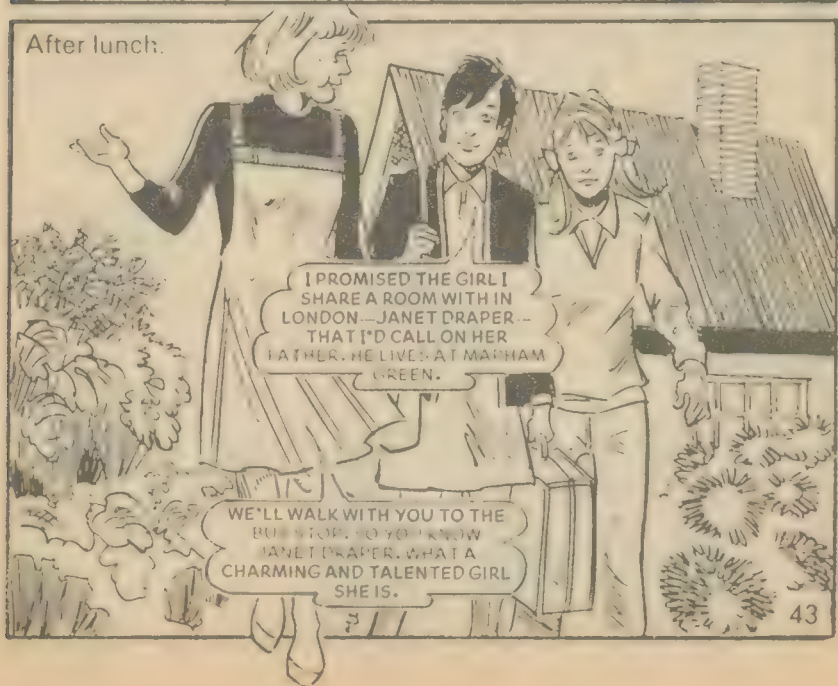
I'VE ALREADY BEEN. THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S GONE. IT'S A COFFEE BAR NOW.



I WOULDN'T GIVE UP SO QUICKLY, CINDY. THE COFFEE BAR PEOPLE MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING. IT'S WORTH FOLLOWING UP, ANYWAY.

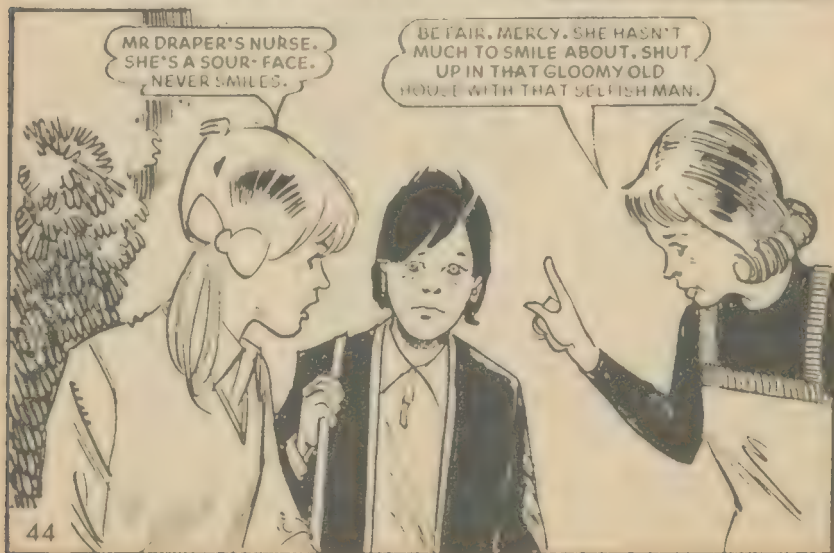
YES, YOU'RE RIGHT. I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.

After lunch.



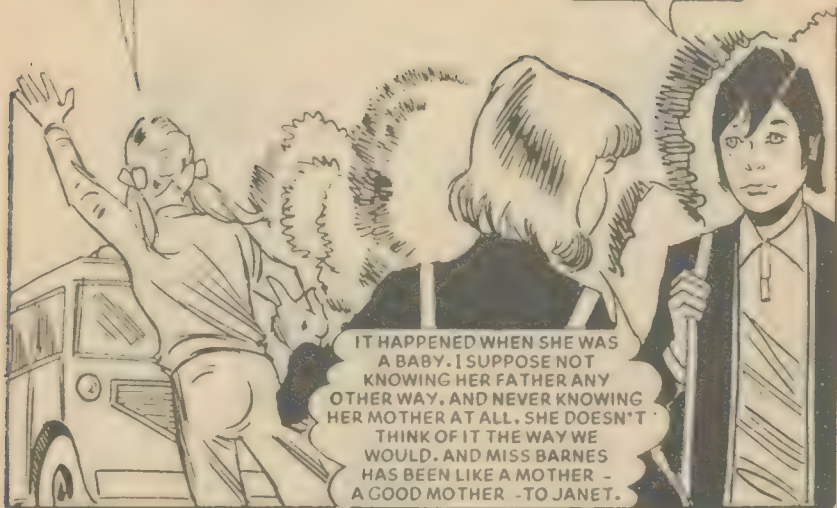
I PROMISED THE GIRL I SHARE A ROOM WITH IN LONDON—JANET DRAPER— THAT I'D CALL ON HER FATHER. HE LIVES AT MAPHAM GREEN.

WE'LL WALK WITH YOU TO THE BUS STOP, SO YOU KNOW JANET DRAPER. WHAT A CHARMING AND TALENTED GIRL SHE IS.



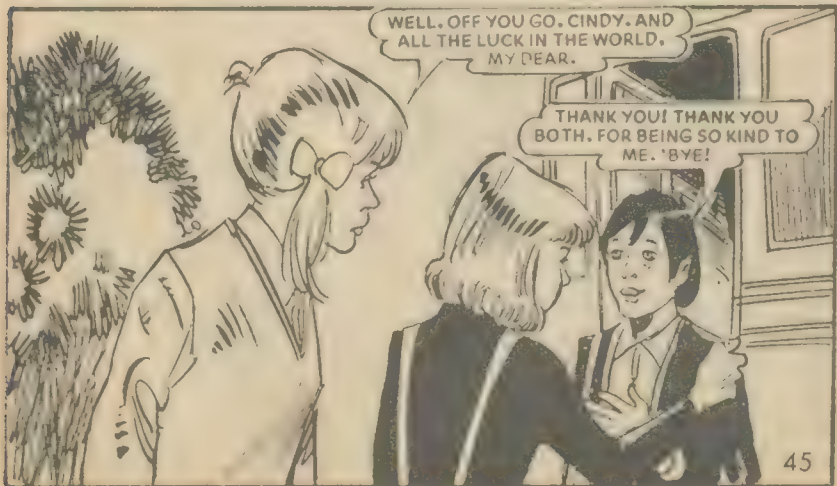
HERE'S YOUR BUS,
CINDY.

IT'S AMAZING THAT JANET
IS SUCH A SUNNY-
NATURED GIRL,
CONSIDERING.

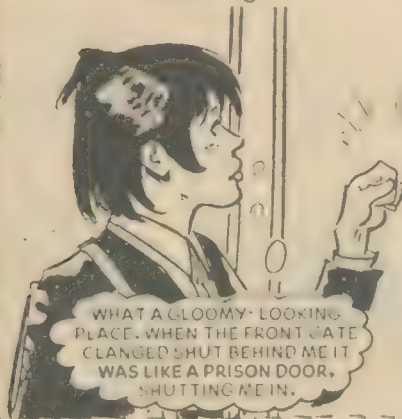


WELL, OFF YOU GO, CINDY, AND
ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD,
MY DEAR.

THANK YOU! THANK YOU
BOTH, FOR BEING SO KIND TO
ME. 'BYE!

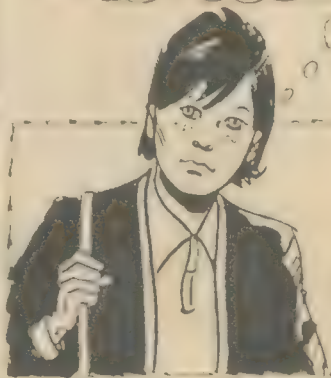


Within half an hour, Cindy was at Janet's house, a place called Steddings.

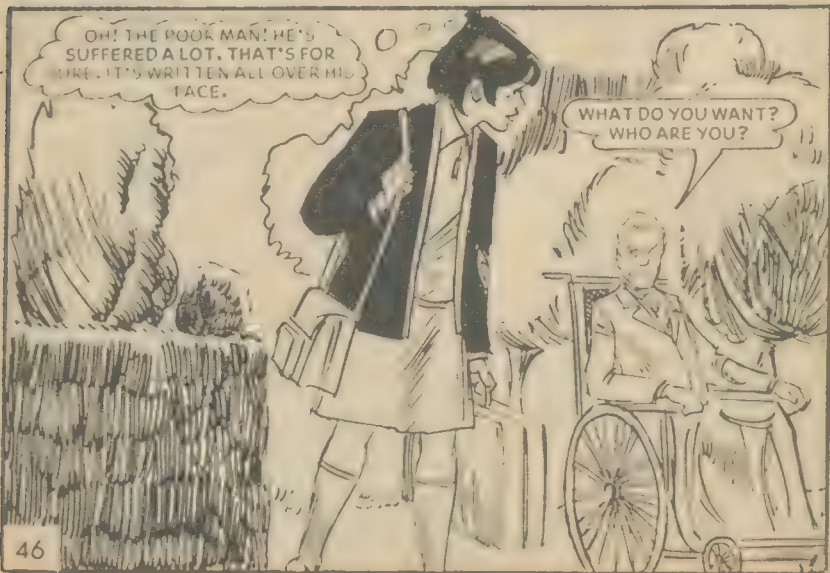


WHAT A GLOOMY-LOOKING PLACE. WHEN THE FRONT GATE CLANGED SHUT BEHIND ME IT WAS LIKE A PRISON DOOR, SHUTTING ME IN.


NO ANSWER. I'M HALF-INCLINED TO RUN OFF... NO! I PROMISED JANET I'D SEE HER FATHER. I'LL GO ROUND TO THE BACK DOOR. PERHAPS I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE SOMEBODY HEAR THERE.



OH! THE POOR MAN! HE'S SUFFERED A LOT. THAT'S FOR SURE. IT'S WRITTEN ALL OVER HIS FACE.




WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHO ARE YOU?




MY NAME IS CINDY WINTERS.
I'M A FRIEND OF JANET'S. SHE...

OH, YES. THE GIRL JANET
WROTE AND TOLD US ABOUT.
I'LL GET BARNEY. SHE'LL WANT TO
SEE YOU. AH, HERE SHE COMES
NOW.



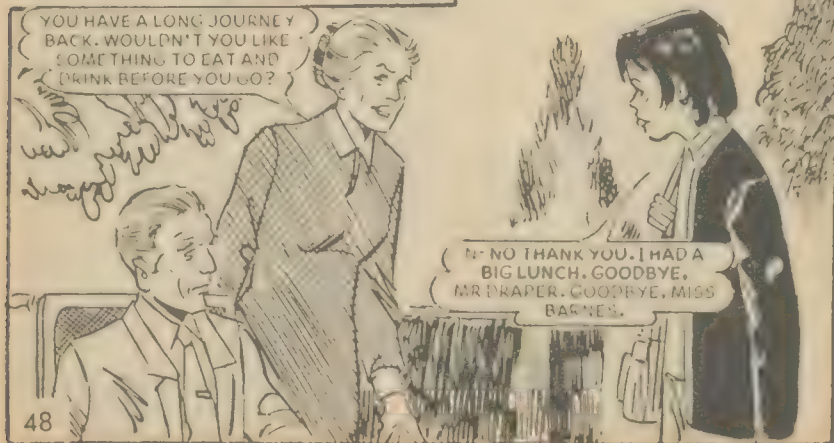
YOU'RE WEARING THOSE
SPECTACLES AGAIN. I TOLD
YOU NOT TO. TAKE THEM OFF!
TAKE THEM OFF!



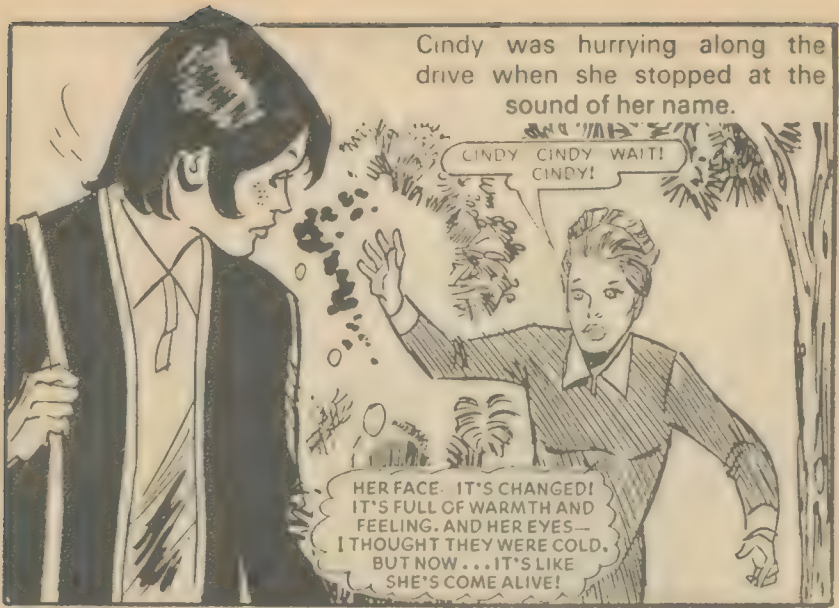
HE SOUNDS LIKE A
SPOILT CHILD WHO'S
BEEN CROSSED.



Embarrassed, Cindy said she would have to go.



Cindy was hurrying along the drive when she stopped at the sound of her name.



I JUST WANTED TO SAY... I
...CINDY. WOULD YOU GIVE
JANET A MESSAGE FOR ME?

WHY, YES, OF COURSE.
WHAT IS IT?

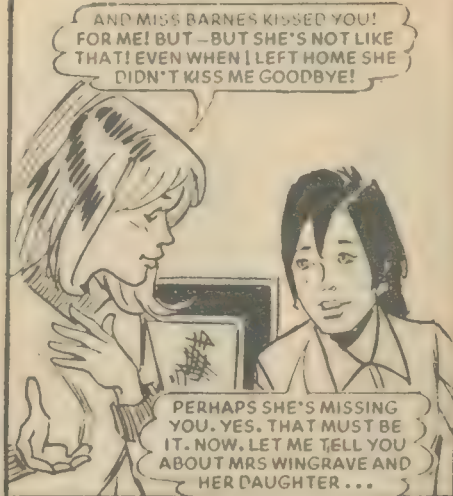
GIVE HER THIS FROM
ME.



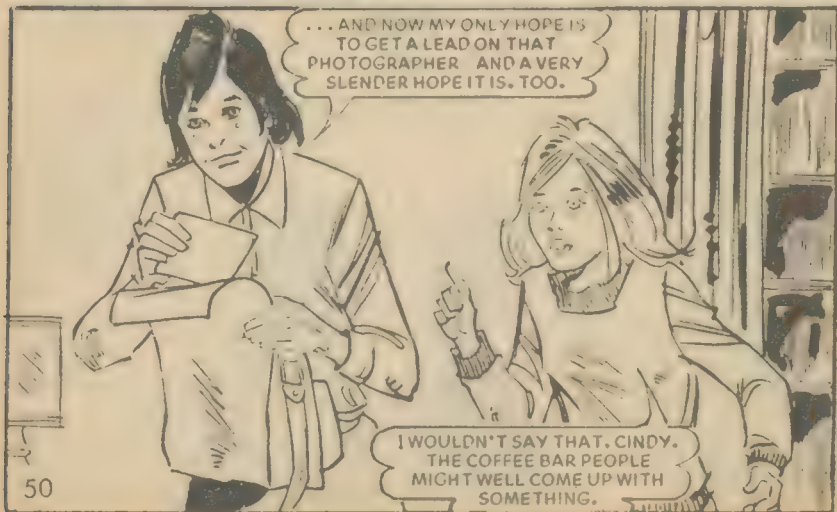
Miss Barnes bent down and gently kissed Cindy on the cheek.




Later, when Cindy told Janet what had happened.



... AND NOW MY ONLY HOPE IS TO GET A LEAD ON THAT PHOTOGRAPHER AND A VERY SLENDER HOPE IT IS, TOO.

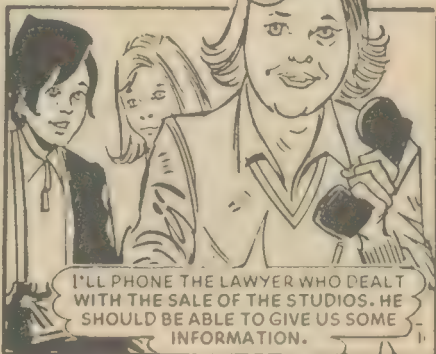


A man with dark hair and a bow tie is talking to a woman with blonde hair. The man is on the left, looking towards the woman on the right.

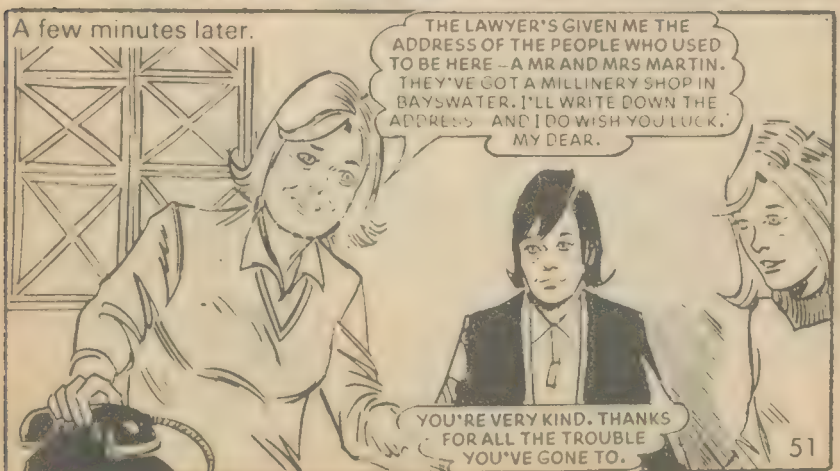
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT. I'LL COME WITH YOU TOMORROW. I HAVEN'T GOT TO GO TO THE ART SCHOOL. WHO KNOWS. I MIGHT BRING YOU LUCK.

I CERTAINLY HOPE SO!

At the coffee bar the next morning, the manageress, once she had heard the full story, was anxious to help.



A few minutes later.

A woman with blonde hair is sitting at a table, talking on a telephone. Two men are sitting at the table with her. The man on the left is the same man from the first panel. The woman on the right is a new character.

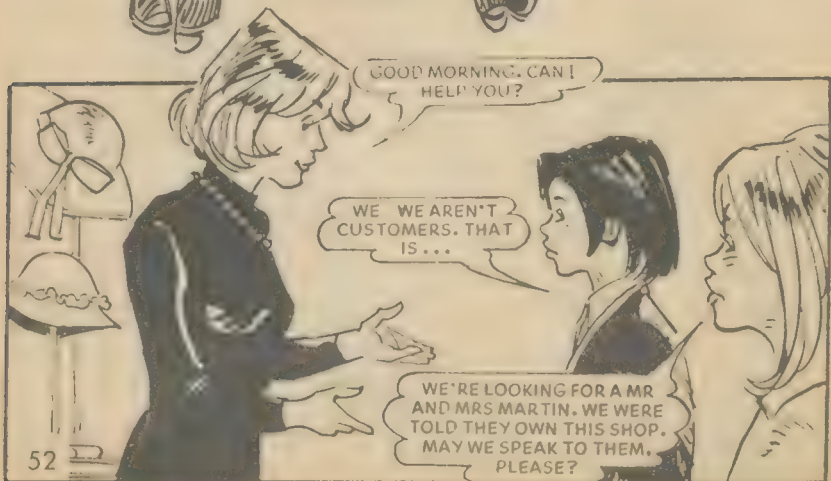
THE LAWYER'S GIVEN ME THE ADDRESS OF THE PEOPLE WHO USED TO BE HERE - A MR AND MRS MARTIN. THEY'VE GOT A MILLINERY SHOP IN BAYSWATER. I'LL WRITE DOWN THE ADDRESS - AND I DO WISH YOU LUCK, MY DEAR.

YOU'RE VERY KIND. THANKS FOR ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'VE GONE TO.



THE MARTINS WILL GIVE US A LEAD
TO CLARICE HASTINGS AND SHE
MUST BE YOUR MOTHER, CINDY.
SHE'S THE ONLY ONE LEFT.

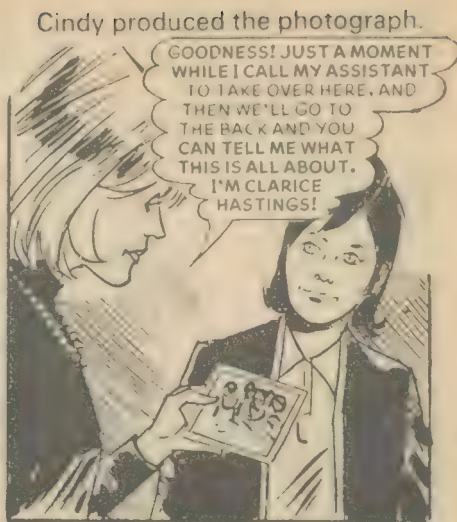
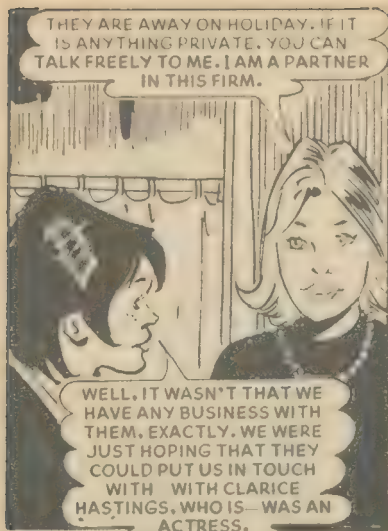
YES, BUT... WELL, IT'S JUST
I'VE A FEELING THAT SHE ISN'T MY
MOTHER, EITHER. NOTHING I CAN
EXPLAIN.



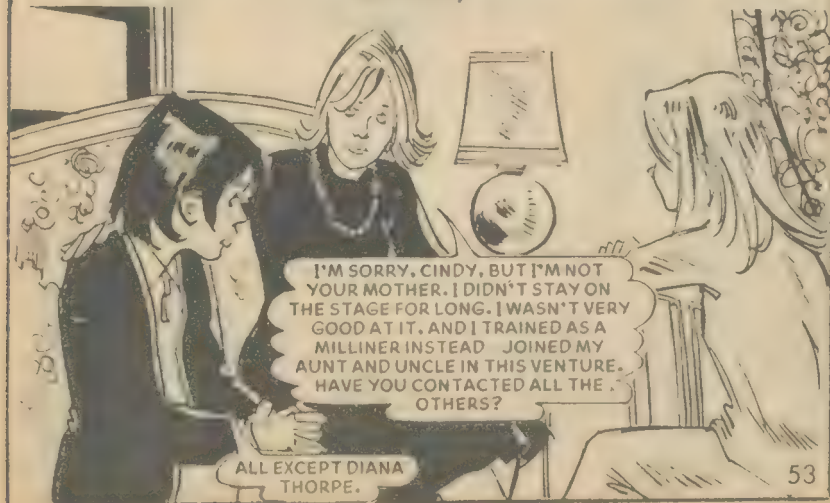
GOOD MORNING. CAN I
HELP YOU?


WE WE AREN'T
CUSTOMERS. THAT
IS...

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A MR
AND MRS MARTIN. WE WERE
TOLD THEY OWN THIS SHOP.
MAY WE SPEAK TO THEM,
PLEASE?



She took them into a little sitting-room and here stammered out her story.





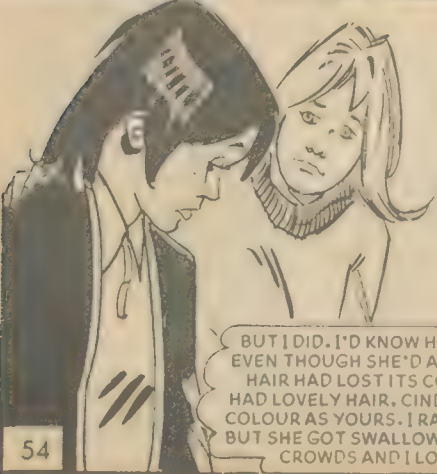
WHY HAVEN'T YOU TRIED
HER? I ALWAYS THOUGHT OF
HER AS SETTLING DOWN AND
BECOMING A GOOD MOTHER.
SHE ADORED CHILDREN.

SHE WAS KILLED MANY
YEARS AGO, IN AN AIR
CRASH.



KILLED! SHE LOOKED VERY MUCH
ALIVE WHEN I SAW HER A COUPLE
OF YEARS BACK IN OXFORD CIRCUS.

YOU DON'T REALLY
MEAN THAT, DO YOU?
YOU COULDN'T REALLY
HAVE SEEN HER!



BUT I DID. I'D KNOW HER ANYWAY,
EVEN THOUGH SHE'D AGED AND HER
HAIR HAD LOST ITS COLOUR. SHE
HAD LOVELY HAIR, CINDY. THE SAME
COLOUR AS YOURS. I RAN AFTER HER,
BUT SHE GOT SWALLOWED UP BY THE
CROWDS AND I LOST HER.

Over tea, Janet came up with a practical suggestion.



LOOK, CINDY, IF DIANA THORPE IS STILL ALIVE AND STILL CONNECTED WITH THE STAGE, THE BEST PERSON TO HELP YOU IS FELICITY OLDBANK. SHE MUST HAVE SO MANY FRIENDS IN THE THEATRE THAT SOMEBODY WOULD SURELY BE ABLE TO GIVE HER A LEAD. WHY NOT GET IN TOUCH WITH HER AGAIN?

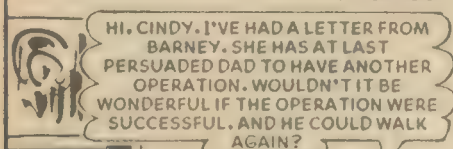
That evening, Cindy and Janet went to the theatre stage-door.

PLEASE MAY I SEE MISS OLDBANK? IT IS VERY IMPORTANT. I WAS HERE A FEW DAYS AGO, IF YOU REMEMBER AND...



REMEMBER YOU WELL. REAL TAKEN WITH YOU, MISS OLDBANK WAS. SORRY, DUCKIE, BUT YOU CAN'T SEE HER - ON ACCOUNT SHE'S AWAY IN NEW YORK FOR TWO WEEKS. GONE THERE TO DISCUSS A NEW SHOW.

For the next few days, Cindy occupied herself sight-seeing. One afternoon...

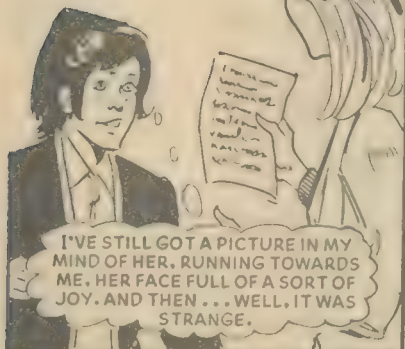


HI, CINDY. I'VE HAD A LETTER FROM BARNEY. SHE HAS AT LAST PERSUADED DAD TO HAVE ANOTHER OPERATION. WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF THE OPERATION WERE SUCCESSFUL. AND HE COULD WALK AGAIN?



IT CERTAINLY WOULD! WHEN DOES HE GO FOR THE OPERATION?

NEXT WEEK, I THINK. HERE, READ BARNEY'S LETTER. SHE MENTIONS YOU. SHE SENDS YOU HER LOVE.



I'VE STILL GOT A PICTURE IN MY MIND OF HER, RUNNING TOWARDS ME, HER FACE FULL OF A SORT OF JOY. AND THEN ... WELL, IT WAS STRANGE.

CINDY, WHAT IS IT? YOU'VE GONE WHITE AS A SHEET!

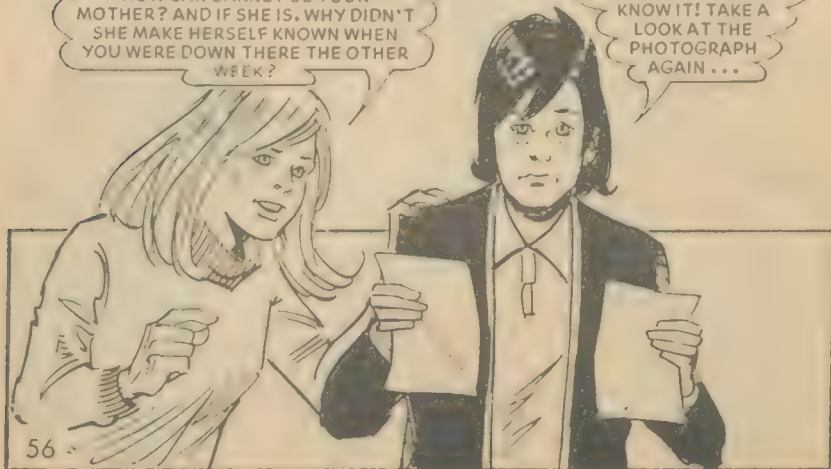
THIS LETTER ... THIS LETTER — IT'S WRITTEN IN THE SAME HAND AS THE LETTER THAT WAS LEFT FOR ME BY MY MOTHER!

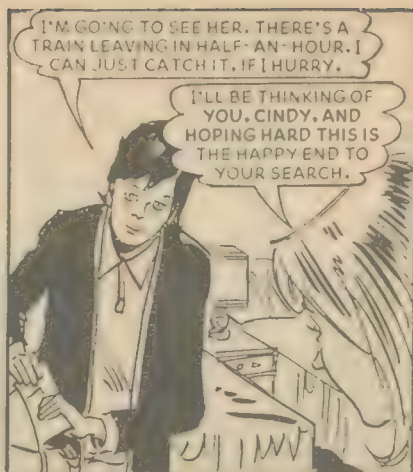
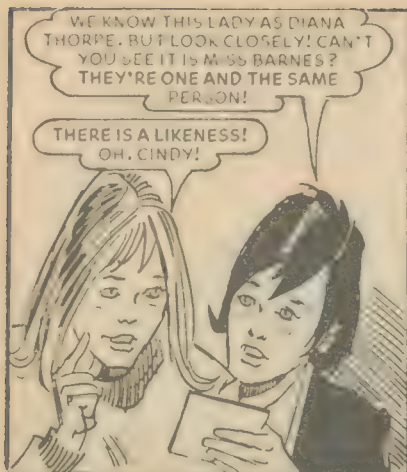


Cindy took her precious letter from her handbag.

THE HANDWRITING IS SIMILAR. BUT HOW CAN BARNEY BE YOUR MOTHER? AND IF SHE IS, WHY DIDN'T SHE MAKE HERSELF KNOWN WHEN YOU WERE DOWN THERE THE OTHER WEEK?

SHE IS MY MOTHER! I KNOW IT! TAKE A LOOK AT THE PHOTOGRAPH AGAIN ...



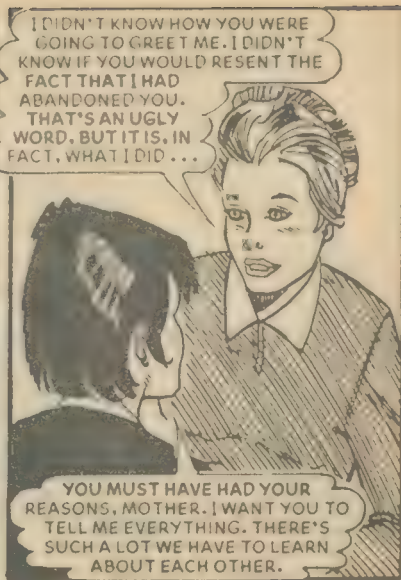


The sun was setting when Cindy arrived at Steddings.





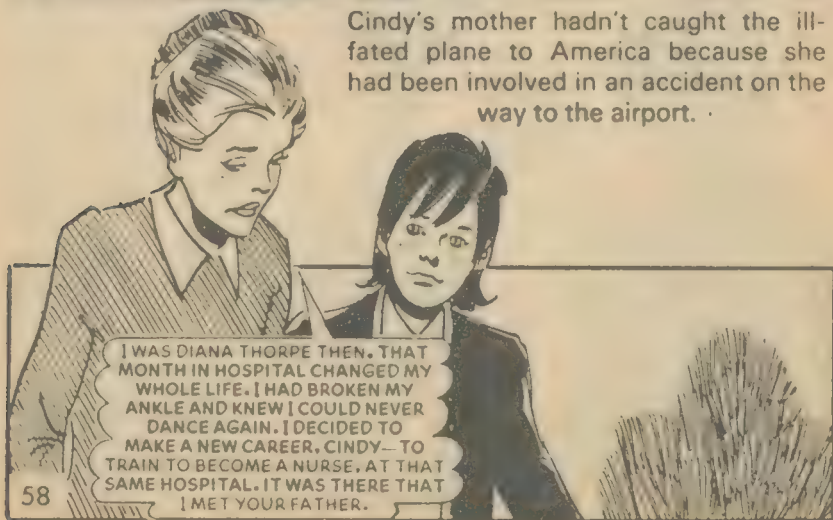
OH, CINDY OH, MY DARLING DAUGHTER! I'VE WAITED SO LONG FOR THIS!



I DIDN'T KNOW HOW YOU WERE GOING TO GREET ME. I DIDN'T KNOW IF YOU WOULD RESENT THE FACT THAT I HAD ABANDONED YOU. THAT'S AN UGLY WORD, BUT IT IS. IN FACT, WHAT I DID...

YOU MUST HAVE HAD YOUR REASONS, MOTHER. I WANT YOU TO TELL ME EVERYTHING. THERE'S SUCH A LOT WE HAVE TO LEARN ABOUT EACH OTHER.

Cindy's mother hadn't caught the ill-fated plane to America because she had been involved in an accident on the way to the airport.



I WAS DIANA THORPE THEN. THAT MONTH IN HOSPITAL CHANGED MY WHOLE LIFE. I HAD BROKEN MY ANKLE AND KNEW I COULD NEVER DANCE AGAIN. I DECIDED TO MAKE A NEW CAREER, CINDY— TO TRAIN TO BECOME A NURSE, AT THAT SAME HOSPITAL. IT WAS THERE THAT I MET YOUR FATHER.

HE WAS A MEDICAL STUDENT, IN HIS FINAL YEAR. PERHAPS WE WERE MAD NOT TO THINK OF THE FUTURE, BUT WE WERE VERY MUCH IN LOVE AND SO WE GOT MARRIED. WE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH MONEY, CINDY, BUT WE WERE HAPPY.



WE HAD A YEAR TOGETHER, THEN, JUST A MONTH AFTER HE QUALIFIED AND JUST BEFORE YOU WERE BORN, HE WAS KILLED IN A CAR CRASH.



OH! OH, HOW DREADFUL!



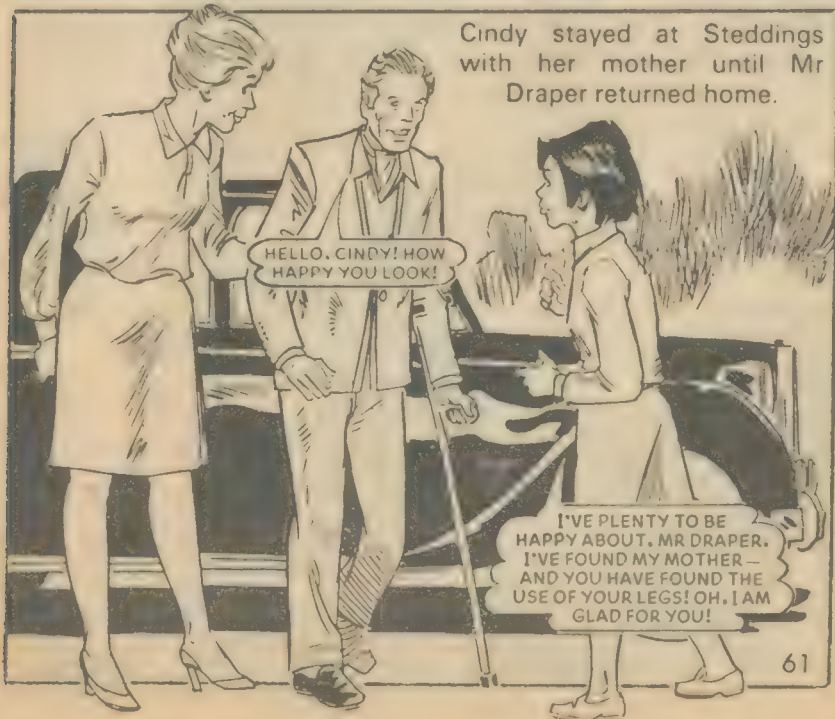
[I HAD TO DECIDE WHAT WAS BEST FOR YOU, TO FINISH MY TRAINING, AND I HAD TO DO THAT TO EARN A LIVING, MEANT STAYING IN THE HOSPITAL WHERE I COULDN'T HAVE YOU WITH ME. THEY WERE TERRIBLE DAYS FOR ME. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. IT WAS THEN I THOUGHT OF MARY BLAKE. SHE'D BEEN A GOOD FRIEND TO ME WHEN I BELONGED TO THE FOOTLIGHT CLUB.]

I KNEW SHE WORKED AT OLDBANK HOME, AND AT LAST I DECIDED I WOULD LEAVE YOU THERE, AND THEN COME BACK AND CLAIM YOU AS SOON AS I HAD QUALIFIED AND SAVED ENOUGH MONEY TO MAKE A HOME FOR YOU AND ME TOGETHER. BUT PLANS DON'T ALWAYS WORK OUT THE WAY WE WANT THEM TO.

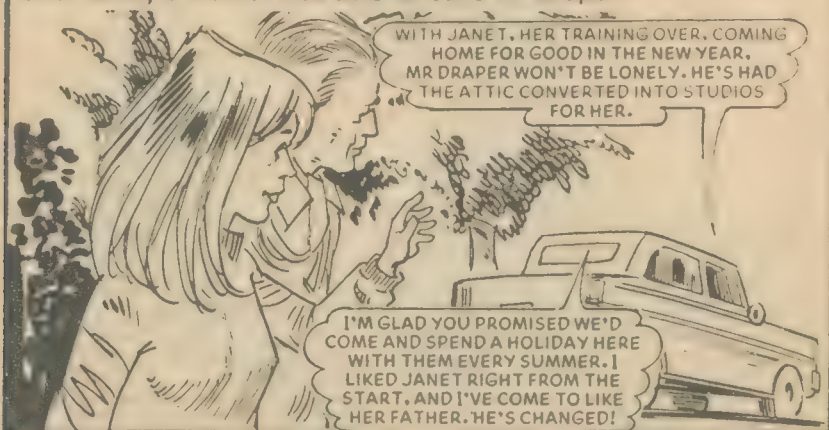


I TOOK THIS JOB HERE BECAUSE THE WAGES WERE GOOD, AND I THOUGHT IT WOULD MAKE IT ALL THE QUICKER TO COME BACK AND CLAIM YOU. I HADN'T RECKONED ON MR DRAPER. HE WAS SUCH A STRANGE, POSSESSIVE MAN. LOSING HIS WIFE AND BECOMING SUCH AN INVALID HIMSELF HAD PRACTICALLY DERANGED HIS MIND.





Soon Cindy's mother was able to leave Mr Draper.

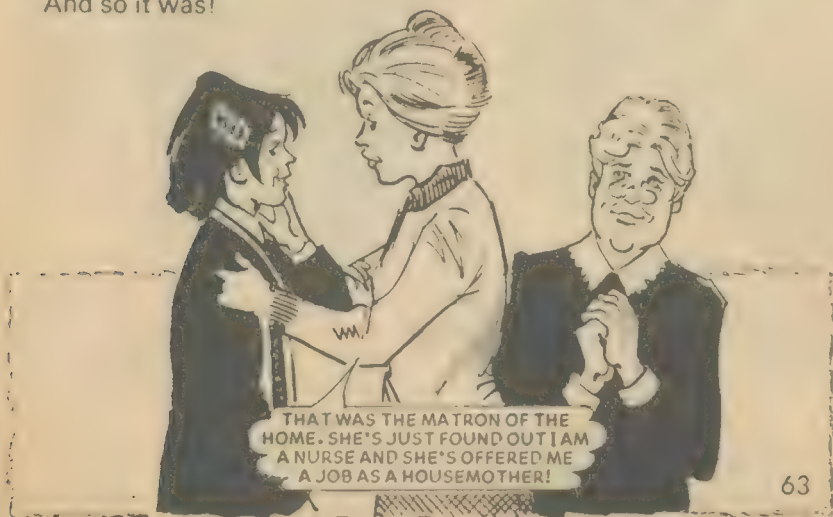


That afternoon, Cindy fulfilled her promise to all her friends at Oldbank Home. She came back to them, and brought her mother with her.





And so it was!



WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE
TOGETHER—MY HAPPINESS
IS COMPLETE!



HIGH ADVENTURE

The adventure
of a lifetime for
three girls on
the ski slopes
of the Alps.
Don't miss the
high-speed
thrills in:—



THREE ON THE TIGER RUN

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